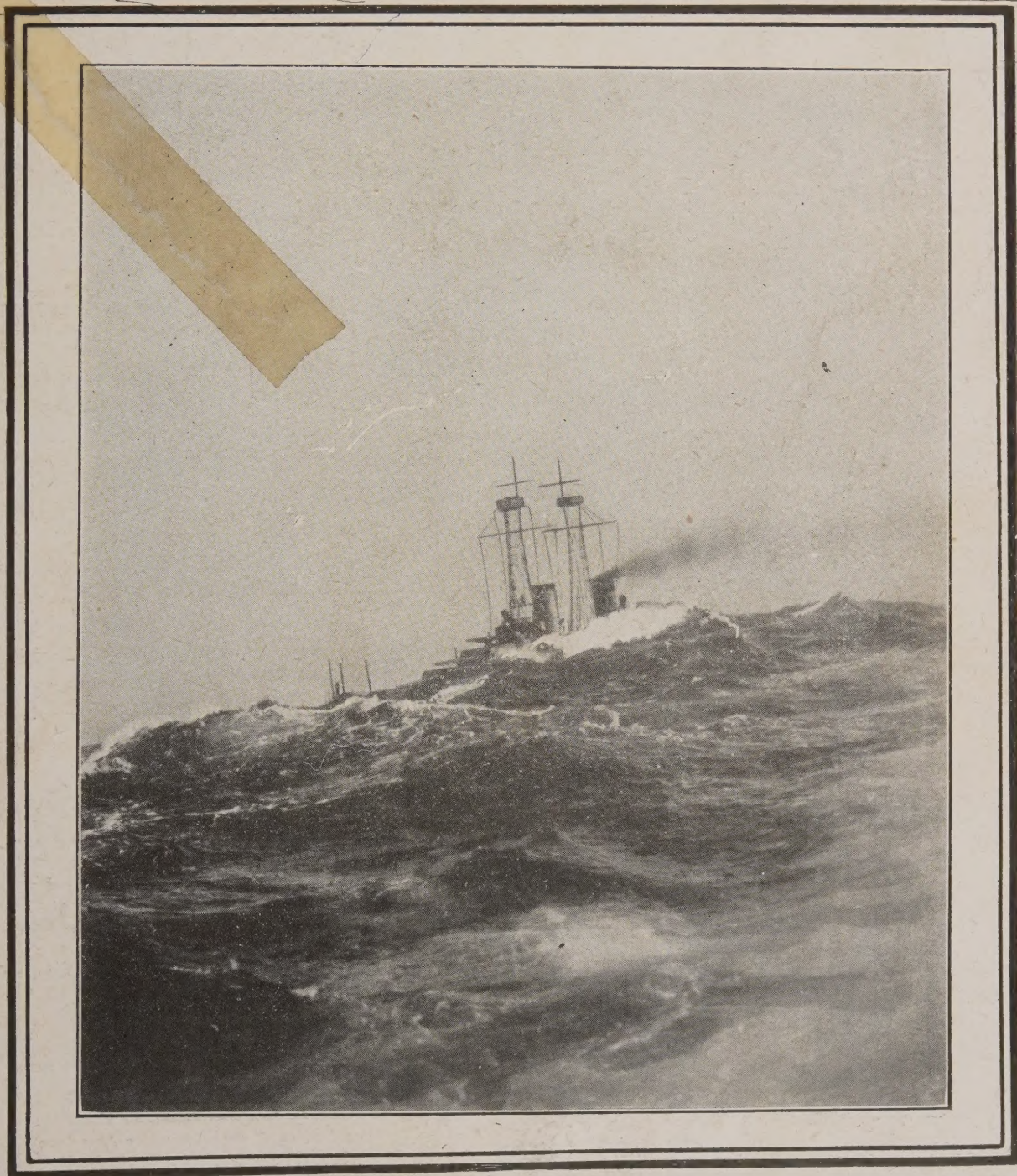


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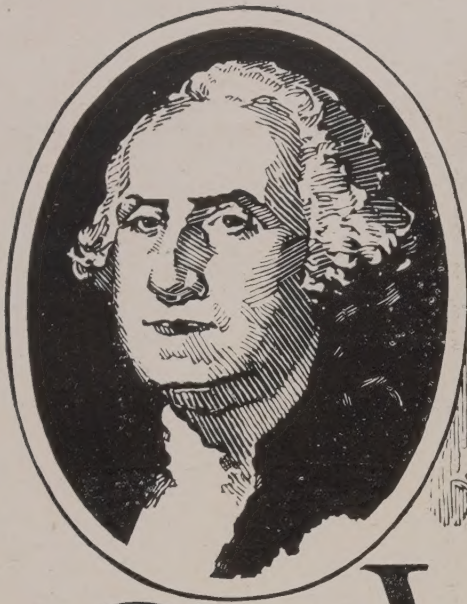
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THE MINE BURST

TOMPKINSVILLE STATEN ISLAND



*Published by the
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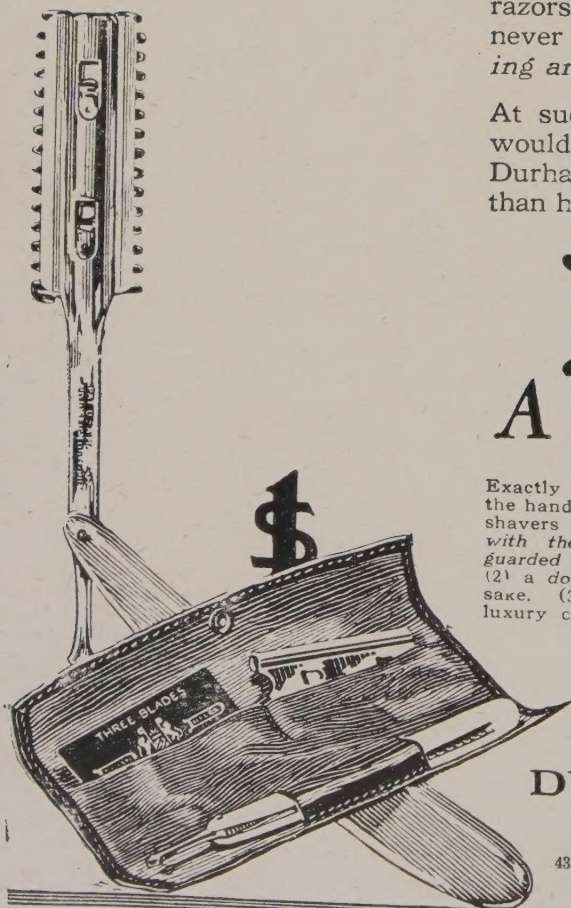
George Washington shaved himself

~ on Occasion ~

ONE of these occasions was when his faithful servant allowed his hand to slip—whereupon the General arose in his wrath and finished the job himself; for the Father of our Country was very properly fond of a good, clean shave.

And in his simple shaving kit may still be seen his equally simple razors. While their model is many hundred years old, they have never been bettered in *heft*, or *shearing width*, or *right shaving angle* on the face.

At such times when his old servant failed him, Washington would have appreciated the guarded, two-edged blade of the Durham-Duplex because he would have found it nothing more than his own well-loved model *made safe*.



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This set contains a Durham-Duplex Razor with white American ivory handle, safety guard, stropping attachment and package of 3 Durham-Duplex double-edged blades (6 shaving edges) all in a handsome leather kit. Get it from your dealer or from us direct.

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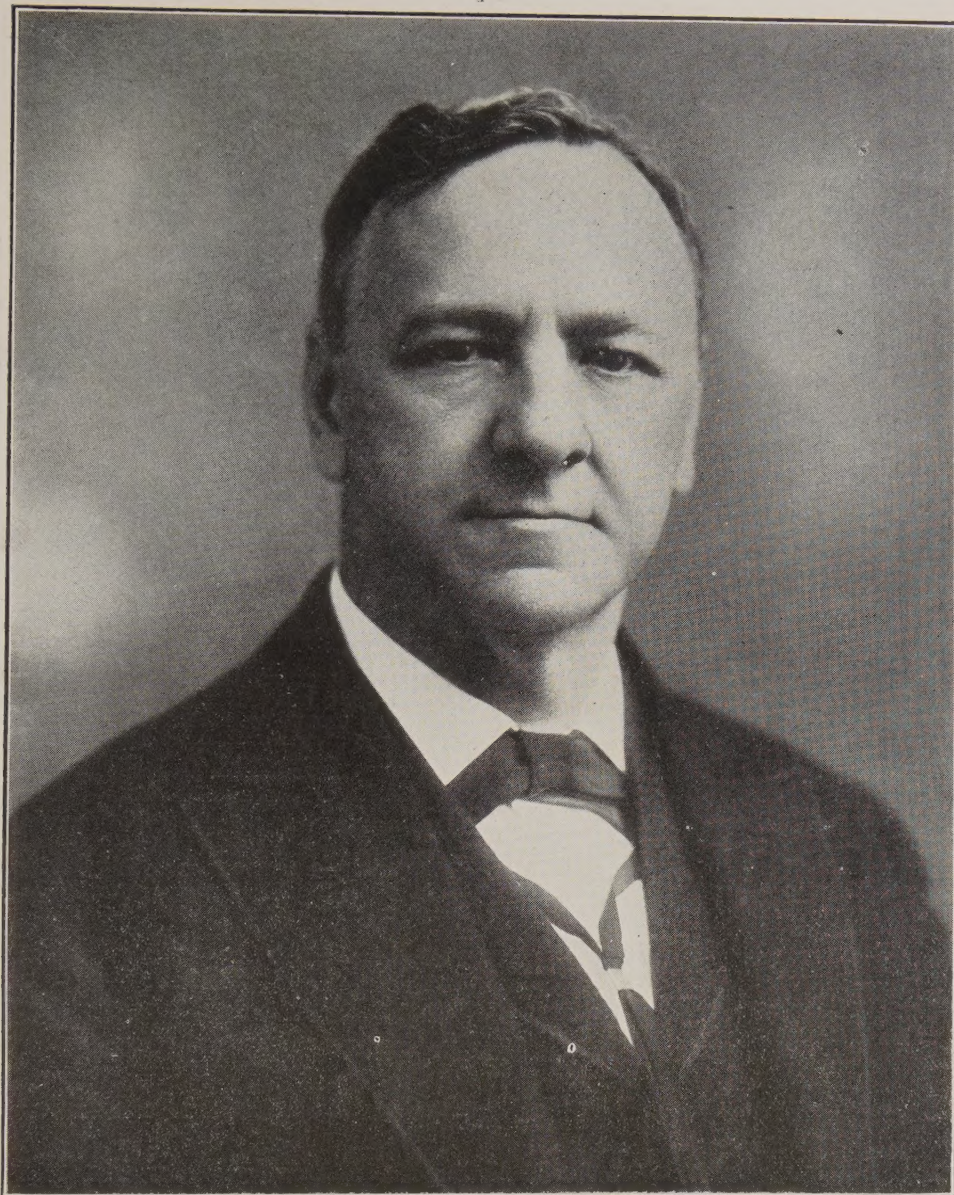
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JOSEPHUS DANIELS, Secretary of the Navy

MINE BARRIER LAID BY AMERICAN NAVY ACROSS NORTH SEA.

Franklin D. Roosevelt Bares Some of Great Work of Our Sailors Abroad.

Construction of the North Sea mine barrage against submarines, laying of an oil pipe line across Scotland, establishment of naval aviation stations from the Spanish border to the English Channel, and other details of the work of the American Navy in foreign waters were given to the public to-day by Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, who recently returned from Europe.

"The American people seem to have very little idea of the extent of our naval activities abroad," said the Secretary. "The tendency is to think merely of the conveying and patrol work our destroyers and other vessels are doing and the presence of our battleships with the British fleet. But important as this is it is only a part of our activities, and there are dozens of other things of importance of which little has been said."

The building of the mine barrage was one of the biggest things ever accomplished in ordnance work, Mr. Roosevelt said. In turning out material for it a number of plants in this country were kept busy for months. Several American bases were established on the British coast to lay and handle the mines. To save haulage of oil the

American Navy has undertaken to construct a pipe line across Scotland.

"All the way from the Spanish border clear around to the English Channel," said Mr. Roosevelt, "we have established aviation stations so spaced that the entire coast line is covered by seaplanes and dirigibles. These stations were built almost entirely by our sailors. At each station there is an average of from 200 to 300 men. This aviation force and our patrol vessels have been doing such splendid work that for the past six months there have been practically no sinkings within fifty miles of the French coast."

In Northern France, in co-operation with the British and Belgians, Secretary Roosevelt said there had been established what is known as the northern bombing group, composed of a number of aviation units, which did much to prevent the Germans from again using Zeebrugge and Ostend as submarine bases.

An American naval force co-operating with the British at Gibraltar is patrolling the Atlantic in that vicinity and is acting as convoy to vessels going to and from Italy, Greece and Egypt.

INFLUENZA.

Influenza is "grippe." It is now spreading over the country in epidemic form. The last extensive epidemic occurred in 1889-90, and the disease was very prevalent for several years after.

The present epidemic disease is plain

influenza. The term "Spanish influenza" has been applied because of its recent prevalence in Spain. Influenza occurs every year in the United States, but it is more contagious during an epidemic, and pneumonia is a more frequent complication.

Influenza is caused by a germ, the *influenza bacillus*, which lives but a short time outside of the body. Fresh air and sunshine kill the germ in a few minutes.

The disease is spread by the moist secretions from the noses and throats of infected persons.

Protect yourself from infection, keep well, and do not get hysterical over the epidemic.

Avoid being sprayed by the nose and throat secretions of others.

Beware of those who are coughing and sneezing.

Avoid crowded street cars—walk to the office if possible.

Keep out of crowds—avoid theatres, moving picture shows and other places of public assembly.

Do not travel by railroad unless absolutely necessary. Keep out of the subways and tubes.

Do not drink from glasses or cups which have been used by others unless you are sure they have been thoroughly cleansed. Never use another's pipe or any article which has touched his lips.

You can do much to lessen the danger to yourself by keeping in good physical condition.

Avoid close, stuffy and poorly ventilated rooms—insist upon fresh air, but avoid disagreeable drafts.

Eat simple, nourishing food and drink plenty of water. Avoid constipation.

Secure at least seven hours sleep. Avoid physical fatigue.

Do not sleep or sit around in damp clothing.

Keep the feet dry. Use your own towel and soap and share them with no one.

Influenza usually has a sudden onset with chilliness, severe headache and "aching all over." At times the disease begins with nausea, vomiting and abdominal pain. Fever begins early. Frequently catarrhal symptoms do not appear until later. When they do they are the symptoms of a bad cold in the head with a raw throat and dry cough. Weakness and prostration out of proportion to the fever are common. Former epidemics have been characterized by marked mental depression. In the present epidemic many of the cases are having a gradual onset—more like a gradually increasing cold in the head.

Practically, the great danger from influenza is pneumonia, which tends to follow in a considerable percentage of the cases.

For the protection of others, if you are really sick, stay at home and remain there until the fever is over. A day in bed at the very beginning may also save you from serious consequences later on.

If you are up and about, protect healthy persons from infection—don't spray others with the secretions from your nose and throat in coughing, laughing or talking. Cover the mouth with a handkerchief. Boil your handkerchiefs and other contaminated articles. Wash your hands frequently. Keep away from others as much as possible while you have a cough.

If you become ill don't try to keep on with your work. Fight the disease rationally and do not become unduly alarmed. In the average case recovery from acute symptoms follows in five or six days. To hasten recovery and lessen the danger of complications, go to bed at once and keep the body warm. There should be plenty of fresh air, but chilling is to be avoided.



OBITUARY.

Warrant Officer Matteson Succumbs to Pneumonia.

After a brave fight against almost hopeless odds, Warrant Machinist Joseph L. Matteson died of pneumonia at 4 a. m., October 12, at his home, 11 Sisson Court, Bayonne, N. J.

The deceased was only recently appointed warrant officer from chief machinist's mate by virtue of his excellent engineering capabilities. He was one of the most popular officers in the Mine Sweeping Division and his death will be felt very keenly by the entire division.

Officers and men of the Division extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Matteson, Warrant Matteson's widow, who survives him.

ANDREW M. O'CALLAHAN.

Our sympathy is also extended to Mrs. O'Callahan, of 75 Joy street, Summerville, Mass., whose son, Andrew M. O'Callahan, seaman first class, attached to the U. S. S. Cardinal, died in the Marine Hospital at 9:20 a. m., October 12.

The deceased was stricken with pneumonia while on the Cardinal, then on sweeping duty. Owing to O'Callahan's condition at this time, the Cardinal returned to the base and O'Callahan was rushed to the Marine Hospital, but to no avail.

THE PIED PIPER

OF TOMPKINSVILLE

By "UKE."

It was beautiful out. The dear old statue of that which we were denied seemed to glow with twice her ordinary radiance. All the universe seemed to rejoice in freedom, while we—oh, horrible thought. No, dear reader, we were not exactly in the Penitent's College; that is to say, the department doesn't spell it that way. However, the evening was none the less lovely and the lights, which imagination painted, life size, upon the minds of each of us had never seemed half so alluring as at this particular moment.

Presently, from my bunk, where I had sprawled to ponder o'er my present condition, I could hear the sweet tinkling of a piano, evidently played by one of my partners in misery. I started out to investigate and finally traced the sounds to the mess-hall, where our mutual friend Powell sat tickling the ivories, as only he knows how; surrounded by a group of inmates. Here, all seemed life and gaiety,

and I became so impressed that I unconsciously fell into the spirit which pervaded the entire group.

We sang, and sang to the merry accompaniment, and as the harmony became more riotous other musicians joined in with what instruments could be scraped up. Suddenly, I saw a change take place. Instead of a crowd of salty gobs, howling in an agony of merriment, I saw a crowd of little children dancing about a gay colored figure of a man who was playing upon a flute. Indeed, I was a child myself and was swinging about the player with the rest. And, stranger still, it was no longer night, but broad daylight, I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was not dreaming. No, I was as wide awake as the rest. Then forgetting my first wonderment at the strange transition, I followed with the rest, who now moved along after the piper, swinging to the rhythm of the enchanting air he was playing. All down the yard we trooped, my companions and I, and up the path which leads to the gate and liberty. Upon reaching the gate, instead of being stopped by guards, we were only joined by more children, as gay and worryless as ourselves. The gates swung open as if by unseen hands and out trooped the piper, followed by the children, that is, all but me, for I had stopped to talk to the telephone operator, who is stationed just inside the gate.

Alas! and alack! as I turned to follow out, the gates closed, and I, I alone of all that happy throng, was left inside. I clutched at the bars and shouted for the rest to wait, for I wanted to go too, but all in vain. Still I did not give up hope, but kept gripping at the gate, when all at once I heard a great shouting, quite close to my ear. Some one was calling to some one else to "Leggo my hair." Instantly, the scene changed. The daylight turned to the cold glare of the Edison Mazda, while the very gates before me dwindled down into the form of salt, and instead of clutching at iron bars I was spoiling a perfectly good hair-comb with my frantic grip. But worst of all, that wonderful strain, changed to the unholy screech of an old tin flute, and my piper was none other than "Whitey" Sutcliffe.

I joined the boys again, and tried to sing, but my voice cracked; the spell was broken. And as I slowly and sadly wended my way back to my bunk, to turn in for the night, the one thought which was uppermost in my mind was, "That's what I get for trying to make a hit with the operator."

Oh, well, it was a beautiful dream, even if I didn't have the pleasure of going through the gate with the rest.

MEDICAL OFFICE.

Adams and Henderson, Hospital Corpsmen, have come to our aid in a time of great need. Both were very agreeably surprised to find that the terrible mine sweepers are only human beings.

"How about a sick leave, doctor?" is the usual saying heard at the Sick Bay.

Y a "Gobs" had better get on the right side of Benson, because he's the guy who brings on the eats when you are sick.

Baker had such a wild time on his ten-day furlough that he decided to have the influenza so that he could rest up. Just leave it to "Bake" when it comes to liberty.

"Doc" Collins is very busy these days keeping the boys informed that they should wear their pea coats.

Fair Damsel on the Telephone—Is Ramsay there?

Dr. deYoanna—No, miss; he has just gone on liberty.

Fair Damsel—On liberty? Well what do you know about that? He had a date with me.

BARRACKS BALLADS.

Ensign Smith has returned to duty after a week's serious sickness. We are all very glad to see him well and back with us again.

Flat hats have come into style again, and from the looks of some of the sea-going ones we don't know what they are—Victor records or stove plates.

Dearie (on guard)—Halt, sailor! What's your business?

Tough Tob—Who the h—l wants ter know?

Dearie—Pass on. I don't controverse with rowdies.

From the washroom came something like this: Help! Murder! Police! Wow! Help! Help!

Visitor—Goodness! what a terrible noise. Is somebody getting hurt?

Sailor—No, ma'am; that's just somebody taking a shower bath and turned on the cold water by mistake.

On October 27, some time in the morning, the clocks are going to set back an hour. Ye gods! Is it possible that we are going to get an extra hour's sleep?

KING NEPTUNE HOLDS COURT.

Crossing the Line on a U. S. Man o' War, As Seen by the Author.

By E. V. W. KEEN.

There was not a ripple on the water, and the tropical sun was beating down with all its midday fierceness on the ship and the groups of men clustered about her decks. Awnings were spread, and from the snow-like appearance of her decks, the guns and the brasswork glistening in the sunlight, it was evident that a good deal of work had been gone through. The ship, which was slowly steaming towards the Southern Cross, was an American battleship—not one of the newest types, but, nevertheless, able to give a good account of herself were she ever called upon to meet an enemy's ship.

She was returning to her far-distant

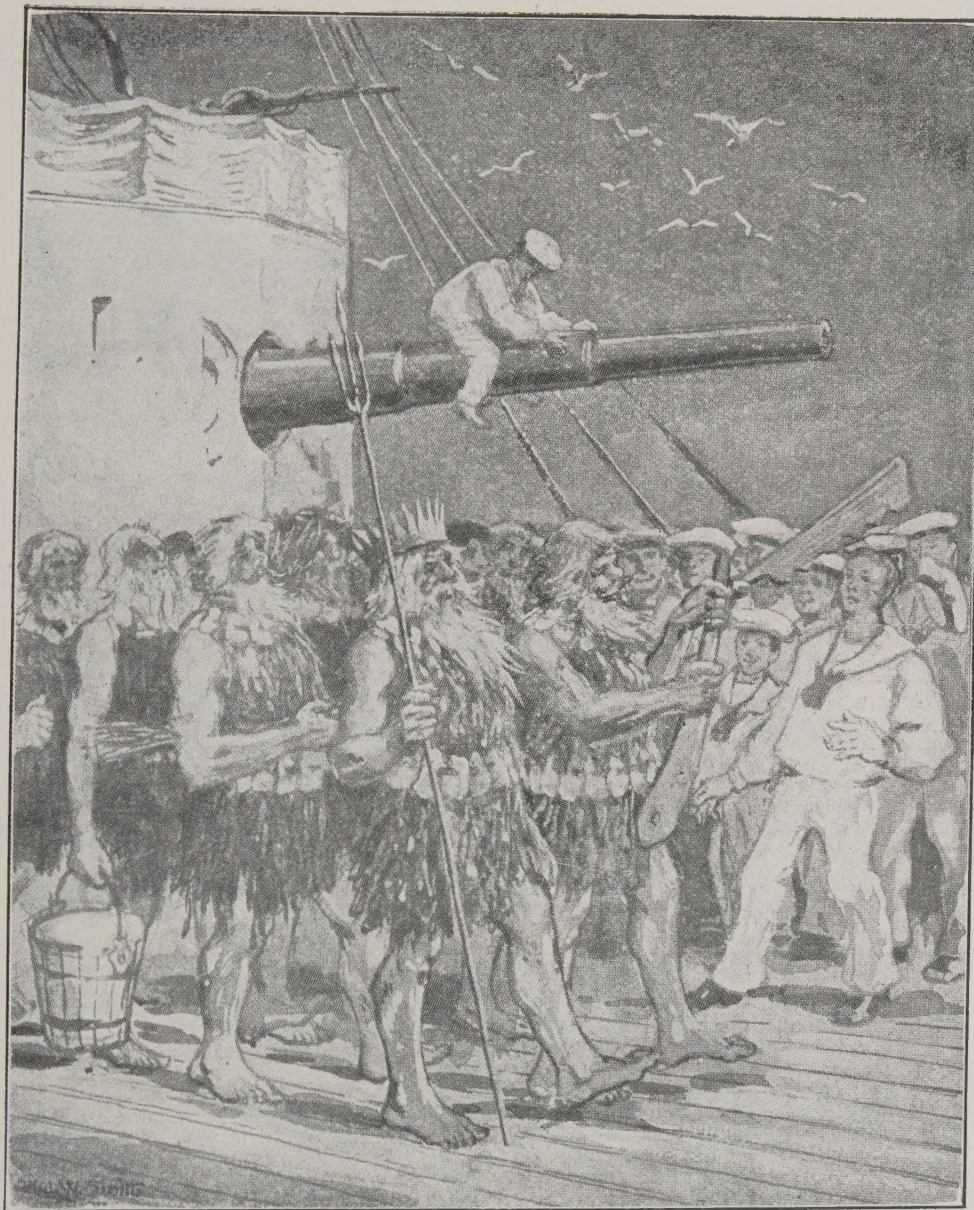
Neptune will come aboard, and I don't want to arrive there too late."

"About ten o'clock, sir, if we keep to this speed, and the weather looks very fine," replied the navigator, cocking his eye up at the cloudless sky.

"Ah, that will do very well!" And with this remark, the captain disappeared down the ladder.

Probably the quartermaster at the wheel was responsible for it when he was relieved and went below to dinner, but very soon the rumor spread through the ship that Father Neptune might be coming on board that very night.

Some of the young seamen who had



Weird Procession

station after recommissioning in the United States.

On the bridge the officer of the watch was just reporting noon to the captain. "Twelve o'clock, sir; latitude 1 degree 40 minutes north," said the officer.

"Carry on, please," said the captain. And having thus graciously allowed the sun to cross the meridian, he turned to the navigating officer. "What time shall we be crossing the line, Mr. Goodboy?" asked the captain, "as I am hoping that Father

just come to sea—boys who still felt the keen pangs of parting for a long time from their homes, and to whom the sea was still a life in which all sorts of adventures were encountered every day—having read of such things before, guessed that something was going to happen, but did not quite know what, whilst others laughed at the idea and thought that they were having their legs pulled.

"Well, lets go and ask Andy Anderson, father," said one of a group who were

(Continued on page 20.)

QUARANTINE ECHOES.

By NEIL SULLIVAN.

Now that the epidemic is over and the quarantine lifted, Staten Island looks itself once more.

Well, anyhow, it gave the janitor at the Borough Hall a chance to sweep the wall in front of the building.

We boast of a cat that can understand all bugle calls; that is, when a bugler blows them. But when Sutcliffe does the honors the poor cat doesn't know what to make of it. One day Sutcliffe blew a call and the cat, thinking it Taps, went to sleep. A jury was hurriedly summoned, and after two hours' deliberation came to the conclusion that it was Mess Call, so the cat was aroused and chased in to eat.

King, who keeps track of the potatoes in the pay office, wants to know about the new epidemic which is raging in all the camps. Some one told him there were twelve cases of Bevo at Fort Wadsworth.

The Kaiser is thinking of visiting the Western Front. Long Jack Clancy, the telephone operator, says there is no need of him visiting it, as it will come to him in a very short time.

When a guy is trying to borrow money around here, every one, if not broke, is badly bent; but they certainly did come to life in the Liberty Loan. We do not like to boast, but the mob down here sent in over \$42,000. Some sum! What?

Old Hal Cole, in the pay office, says he eats in the Raquet Club when he is in New York, and all of us lowbrows used to look at him with awe until it was discovered the Raquet Club in reality is the Automat. Put a nickel in the slot and your pie falls on the floor.

George Smith, a habitue of the pay office, when called to the phone recently, told the sweet young thing on the other end of the line he would not be able to meet her that night, as he had to take a balance. After the balance was taken, it was discovered that four seamen were out six dollars apiece, and a couple of yeomen a like amount.

U. S. S. KNICKERBOCKER.

The crew of the U. S. S. Knickerbocker was 100 per cent. with its subscriptions for the Fourth Liberty Loan. Our crew, numbering fifteen men, subscribed to \$1,600 worth of bonds.

We are now honored with three more members added to our complement. Our seagoing mascot, Nig., presented them to us. We are now open for estimates for some new dog houses. Take note, carpenters.

We are glad to see that our chief boatswain mate, Hanson, has recovered from his sickness. He is now enjoying a ten-day furlough, recovering his strength, so he will be able to join us shortly.

Tim Foley has decided the quickest and best way to get an ash bucket down to the fire room is to throw it down. He may be right, but Eilenberg finds it a very unhealthy method, as one dropped on his head.

BUY W. S. S.

U. S. S. ADAMS.

Merrick says the best way to tell whether a revolver is loaded is to look down the barrel and pull the trigger. And he did it, too. However, it is problematical whether a man with no more brains than to do this would have enough gray matter to be injured by the passage of a bullet through his skull.

Huff, owing to his valiant service on the Leviathan, is now wearing two gold chevrons.

Ward has shaved off the sickly-looking hirsute growth mentioned in a previous issue, as he states mustaches (?) are a great breeding place for influenza germs.

It is rumored that our C. W. T. contemplates fitting out private sleeping quarters on the ship. We trust that he meets with the desired quietude therein.

Our wardroom steward, after trying in vain to get a pair of shoes large enough to fit him, was advised by the storekeeper to put on a pair of extra thin socks and see if he could squeeze his feet into any of the shoe boxes.

Boyd is frequently seen prowling around Pennsylvania avenue. What's the reason, Matt?

Esklund's knockout drops—biscuits.

It is with regret that we announce the transfer of our genial C. B. M., George Rathman, George will always live in our hearts as a real man. He was one of us whether in the line of duty or at play. Our best wishes go with him in his new assignment. To us there is and always will be just one George Rathman.

We also announce with regret the transfer of Hospital Apprentice Blumenstock to the hospital. Our sorrow, however, is tempered by the fact that he will be compelled to take some of the gall-like mixtures he used to gleefully dispense to us.

If Mitchell, the salty port guard yeoman, would only divulge the contents of that mysterious brief case he has as his inseparable companion we could sleep in peace.

JIM JAMS FROM WIDGEON.

The U. S. S. Widgeon has just returned to her home port, and all the boys are wearing a smile to get back home.

The Red Peppers are talking about giving a homecoming at Artie's Famous Dance Hall.

Savage, of the Aurora, was one of our first visitors when we got home.

Boilers and Neary came back from the hospital where they were confined with the floeys.

Joe Muck paid a visit to Philadelphia.

"Socks" Warner was playing the good samaritan up in "Pippskypsy," and he issued several stimulants to his friends recuperating in the various hospitals.

"Dangerous Dan" is out scouting for red peppers, his favorite fruit.

Bartley has raised his right hand and says never again.

Wittmer has won fame as the Hawaiian Buster.

Cummings is thinking of doing a very foolish stunt in the near future.

Villa Madden came very near missing the ship after spending a few days with Scoop, the second Harry Lauder, and Red Pepper King.

Bill Keyes, the featherweight, challenges "Dog-Faced" Madden to a ten-round bout for the benefit of the Red Pepper Club at Artie's.

"Notorious King" Brady is studying to be a clergyman.

Muck fell down the ladder with a pan of stew, but spilled ne'er a bit. You can't fool Joe with the eats. Some scoffer.

OUTBURSTS FROM BUILDING 11.

We are wondering why our masterful James Kennedy is working so laboriously of late. What's coming, Jim? Don't forget the invitations.

Owing to the unusual hard luck our friend Bradford had playing African golf this past week, we are sorry to say he is going around in a daze. Can we help you, Shorty? Poor Ella.

We wonder what Russell is doing hanging around in back of the main store room. There must be some attraction. We notice Carle there often, too.

Be very careful, Andy, that you don't get writer's cramp. We know that the "fluey" has already queered you out of a "48."

Keep up the good work, Scull. You're doing fine. You know we all notice and say nothing. May all your troubles be little ones.

Wright, our silver-voiced tenor from Alabama, is still handing them out, and very frequently having them returned in the storeroom. Did you get your pass yet, Clarence?

Owing to the Spanish influenza, which has kept us cooped up, several of the boys have lost considerable weight, which in a way, don't weigh much, but although we try as much to keep away from the bullfighting plague which has attacked us, we are sorry to say that several of our friends have been afflicted. We sincerely hope for the speedy recovery of all those who have been attacked, and hope once more to see their smiling faces around the base. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the relatives of the men who have been called to make the greater sacrifice.

BOYS OF BUILDING 11.

THE PAY OFFICE BULLETIN.

(By George and Harry.)

Woolley our studious yeoman from the wilds of New Jersey, disappears every evening, and rumors have it that he is studying for a "commission." Our wishes, Wild and Woolly Woolley.

Rube Natelson, "flu expert" of the Pay Office, has just returned from an extended vacation. He successfully combatted the "flu" germs and is now ready to settle down and battle the typewriter again. Say, Ruben, that must have been a terribly rough voyage while in the Bay.

George Smith and Hal Cole tell a wonderful story about their adventures on Broadway. As the story goes—and they still stick to it, they stole two young ladies from a "two-striper" while on a visit to the Black Cat. How do you get that way, fellows? Anyway, it makes good reading. Be careful, Hal; you know what we mean.

New addition to the Pay Office: Johnson, the yeoman, from "The Reg-

ulation Ship." We hope your stay is a long and pleasant one.

When it comes to pinochle we refer any one to Chief Storekeeper Trebel-sky, the pinochle expert. Ask him; he don't know.

Callahan, the Irish seaman, returned from his first night's liberty in a very talkative mood. We have been wondering what the cause was. We know he never touches anything stronger than water; but then water sinks ships and bridges.

Chief Yeoman Upchurch looks like a real street car conductor with his new winter hat on. Better keep away from the conductorettes, Tom.

During the restriction Neil Sullivan, the midget telephone operator, tried hard to get the "flu" but did not succeed. He did manage however, to get the mumps, but that did not get him any extra liberty. Better luck next time, Neil.

Harry Levy visited the Casino Theatre, Brooklyn, the other night during the Liberty Loan drive and got so excited he bought a bond. What we want to know is where did he get that fifty.

Harold Cole, the young Solomon from Connecticut, received a package from his wife the other day containing some fudge. We all think his wife meant that he should pass the candy around, but the only thing we received was abuse. We wish that in the future his wife would address all packages meant for the boys to some one else, as we all like candy, but very seldom get any.

Miss Malloy displayed about nine different colors when we told her there was an article in the last issue about her, and she vowed she would never show her love letters to any one again. By the way, Anna, Paddy wishes to be remembered to you.

Sam Pinner, "a spark from Old Erin"—what?—recently acclaimed his trip to the Panama Canal as exciting. Where do you think Panama is, Sam? Greenwich Village?

Hans Schmidt, our 250-pound baby, has accepted the challenge of "Cokey" Kennedy, of the Widgeon, to an eating contest. As there is a difference of 100 pounds in weight "Hans" will give "Cokey" a hundred-yard start. This shows that all fat men are good natured. They are too big to run or fight. Shorty will act as "Cook" in this contest.

Drew never fails to visit the Radio shack. Why? "Hey, Mul, give us a butt!"

We wouldn't be at all surprised if Brown gets married on his next furlough. He made a big hit with one of his cousin's bridesmaids at her wedding this summer in Newburgh.

Sparks McKee sleeps in a bunk that is athwart ships. He woke up the other night to find his feet up in the air and his head where his feet ought to be. Upon investigation he found "Fat" and "Rich" on the starboard deck arguing over a bucket of steam. Consequently the ship was listed.

Rich, fixing the phonograph.
Sparks: "What are you doing, fixing the phonograph?"
Rich: "Yep."
Brown: "No, he is learning to be a water tender."

Charlie Lawrence going through a number of stunts shaving. Louie, the mess attendant, staring at him in bewilderment. Louie: "What is dat a scraper?"

Christy and Mac went to the theatre the other night. Christy claims that he was mortified at sparks. We wonder just what he means.

Mul: "Hey, Ditty, pass me the butter."

"Ditty (mumbling to himself): 'Ah doan answer me; I'm talking to myself.'"

Hans Schmidt, otherwise known as "Kid" Emery, has just received an increase in rating from M. M. 2 to Polisher's Mate, 1st Class. He shines things so bright that Chief Haber, alias "Simon Legree," calls him "Sun."

"Cunny," our old hash slinger, has changed his rate to oiler's mate, and when he oils the engine he thinks he is feeding his old gang and bawls out, "That's all you can have."

Wednesday, Oct. 16, when the Seneca was bound into port, nearing Norton's Point an S. P. boat notified them of a queer looking object off their stern which they thought was a mine. The battleship altered her course and proceeded to find out what it was. It was round in shape and looked the same color as our cans of Canned Bill. A boat was lowered and Nielson started on his exploring expedition. Both cooks were in the boat crew and were first to make a grab for it. Was it because of Shorty's brave and daring nature or was it his ambition to get some canned bill for the crew.

When Jack Drew comes to the Black Gang's quarters for chow, "Fat" Schmidt can't fit in edgewise. Jack cleans it all up.

Our cannon's mate is back after a short stay at the base hospital behind the lines. He had Spiders-Come-and-Get-Us.

Abrahm Maggie Brown is back on mess again. Good luck, old sock, you will be a big help to your "wife" after the war.

Charlie Lawrence is afraid the war is going to end. We don't know what he will talk about after it is all over.

Grady H. Hunt has to uphold his name these days and go hunting for his chow. If the eats are at "Fat's" end of the table he is out of luck.

Everybody gave "Mul" the ha-ha for talking in his sleep, but it seems to be contagious, because "Fat" bawled out "Three cheers for the Isthmus of Panama!" in his sleep the other night.

Who is that new, nice-looking War-rant Bos'n aboard the Seneca? Why, that's Powell our old Executive Officer, only he got a haircut on his lip this time.

**I like you, but
don't tell any-
body!!!**

U. S. S. ROBIN.

The U. S. S. Robin is the possessor of a dog mascot. He is an orphan, or seems to be, and has made friends with the majority of the crew, except Rebel Pace, who solemnly vows that if the mascot gets seasick in his compartment he is going to heave our beloved mascot overboard.

"Rob" has a very lovable nature, and has a strong liking for "Doc" Landesman's bunk. "Doc" has an awful time keeping "Rob" off of said bunk. This morning "Doc" awoke and found that "Rob" had turned in with him some time during the night. We would suggest that "Doc" put up barbed wire entanglements around his bunk.

Who said there were no poets in the navy? We have discovered one on the Robin. List to his lay. Ah, me! He's a yeoman, too.

THE SUBMARINE'S SONG.

At evening when it is quiet, and the sun is sinking low,
We stand on the quarter-deck watching old Sol with his golden glow
Drop slowly behind the horizon, which makes us think and think strong—
For the next moment may mean our destruction, to the tune of the "Submarine's Song."

The dusk is now gone and the night shades have come,
When up the deck the bugle thrills—
all lads in their hammocks swung;
The gongs ring out in their restless tone, that tells each lad "Heave out."

A few seconds have passed and each gun is manned by wideawake lads,
the cream of the land,
Who are here for humanity, no chance to go wrong, and to put an end to the "Submarine's Song."

We scan the dark waters in the midst of the night
With telescope and gun, but nothing in sight, when up from the deep before the eyes of many,
Comes the submarine's eye, like a thief in the night,
Which observes to the right and then to the left,
A few seconds bearing and for its prey it starts.

Each lad at his gun follows the mechanical fish
By the light left behind in the phosphorous wake;
The guns are all loaded, their ranges are set,
When out of the depths, blue, restless and salt,
Comes our victim, we think, but who knows, who knows?

A salvo is sounded by the fire control,
Five big guns blaze forth with a terrific roar,
The big fish rises and commences to roll,
The "Hun" has our card, and is seen no more.

The mechanical fish has gone, yes, gone to the bottom,
With a gurgling sound, to the song of a Yankee gun;
Leaving lives on the surface above, to die like rats in a stream.
They preyed on a Yankee and made us wrong,
Now they die to their "Submarine Song."

YEOMAN.

DEEP WATER RHYMES.

(Gathered by J. R. W. Smith.)

ON THE WEATHER.

When rain comes before the wind,
Sheets and halyards you must mind.
When the wind precedes the rain,
Hoist your topsails up again.

Evening red and morning gray,
Are sure signs of a fine day.
But evening gray and morning red,
Makes a sailor shake his head.

When the glass falls low,
Look out for a blow.
First rise after low,
Portends a stronger blow.

Long foretold, long last;
Short notice, soon past.

ON SIGNING ARTICLES.

Articles signed, however unjust,
Growl you may, but go you must.

HOMEWARD AND OUTWARD BOUND.

Round the rock and into the dock,
Homeward bound, my lover;
Out of the dock and around the rock,
So long, you simple duffer.

ON THE GALLEY.

The Lord above he sends good food,
To make the sailor happy;
But the devil below, he sends the cooks,
To drive the sailor dippy.

SU'GE.

(A strong mixture of washing soda or soft soap and water.)
The su'ge is slimy
And stronger each day;
It's always beside me,
I can't get away.
When you think you are through, gee,
The mate cries, "You dub,
Get some more su'ge,
More su'ge and scrub."

IN THE SQUARE RIGGERS.

On Sunday you get your four ounces of flour;
On Monday they whack out the spuds that are sour.
On Tuesday you get a half pound o' salt beef;
On Wednesday your belt you take in one more reef.
On Thursday it's salt pork and fight for your share;
On Friday it's cracker hash and lots of fresh air.
On Saturday, lobscouse and all hands are sore,
But the old man allows you your whack and no more.

ON RULES OF THE ROAD.

When all three lights I see ahead,
I port my helm and show my red.
Green to green and red to red,
Perfect safety, go ahead.
But if upon my port is seen
A vessel's starboard light of green,
For me there's naught to do but see
That green to port keeps clear of me.
If to my starboard, red appear,
It is my duty to keep clear.
Act as judgment says is proper,
Port of starboard, back or stop 'er.

ON KEEPING LOOKOUT.

Both in safety and in doubt,
Always keep a good lookout.
And in danger, with no way to turn,
Ease her, stop her, go astern.

Customer—How much are eggs?
Storekeeper—Eighty cents a dozen for good ones and ten cents a dozen for cracked ones.
Customer—Crack me a couple of dozen.



Overheard in an Ink Bottle

BY TOM MC NAMARA
ORIGINATOR OF SKINNY SHANER AND SHRIMP FLYNN
NOW APPEARING IN THE N.Y. EVE. JOURNAL



Skinny Shaner.. "Nix, Shrimp, lemme alone now. I gotta dash off a artrickle for the Mine Burst."

Shrimp Flynn.. "What's the Mine Burst?"

Skinny Shaner.. "It's a book made out of sailors, which work on them there boats that swim around and sweep the mines which the Heinies scatter around all over the ocean, for our boats full of soldiers to stub into and get blowed up so's they won't get to Berlin and muss up Ole Kaiser Bill."

Shrimp Flynn.. "How do they sweep them mines up—with brooms?"

Skinny Shaner.. "I ain't allowed to tell."

Shrimp Flynn.. "Why not?"

Skinny Shaner.. "You blamed fool, doncha know about the Censor?"

Skinny Shaner.. "Oh, yeh; he's the man which keeps all our secrets for us."

Skinny Shaner.. "Sure; but the Boss is got a pull with him or somethin'. I got a special permission and everythin'."

Shrimp Flynn.. "Ya have; how did you get it?"

Skinny Shaner.. "I didn't get it, the Boss did. He told me that the Censor said he wouldn't give a rap if I went ahead and told every bloomin' thing I didn't know about Mine Sweepers, and how they work, and everythin'."

Shrimp Flynn.. "Whatcha doin', tryin' to kid me?"

Skinny Shaner.. "'Course not. That's on the square. I can go ahead and shoot my head off about everythin' I don't know about Mine Sweepers. The Boss said the Censor said so."

Shrimp Flynn.. "That's nothin'."

Skinny Shaner.. "Taint, huh? I'll betcha a million I can tell more than you can."

Shrimp Flynn.. "You're one."

Skinny Shaner.. "All right. What do you know about Mine Sweepers?"

Shrimp Flynn.. "Blamed sight more than you do."

Skinny Shaner.. "You owe me a million."

(Short pause—Sounds of scuffling—a dull thud, as if some one was kicked.)

Skinny Shaner.. "Anyway, I wan the argument."

Shrimp Flynn.. "Shut up, or I'll let you have another in the same place."

Skinny Shaner.. "Ya can't do it, 'cause I won't stand up. N-a-ah!—did you ever get left?"

Shrimp Flynn.. "Shut up."

(Pause.)

Skinny Shaner.. "Shrimp!— Oh. Shrimp! Hey, Shrimp!"

Shrimp Flynn.. "Well, whatcha want?"

Skinny Shaner.. "I'll betcha that there Censor is a nice man, huh?"

Shrimp Flynn.. "Why?"

Skinny Shaner.. "Didn't he gimme all that there special permission and everythin'? If I ever meet him, I'm gonna ask him will he give me a ride on his ship."

Shrimp Flynn.. "How do you know he's go a ship?"

Skinny Shaner.. "Gosh! didn't cha ever hear of the Censorship?"

Skinny Shaner.. "Sure I did. I just wanted to hear what you would say."

Skinny Shaner.. "They have swell eats on it, too. I heard the Boss talkin' one day, when he oughta been workin', about how slick the Censorships Board was. I'll bet they have pie and ice cream in every meal, huh?"

Shrimp Flynn.. "Don't talk that wavy. You'll make me hungry, and I'll have to go home and ask my mother for somethin' to eat, and she might make me stay in the house and wash dishes or somethin'."

Skinny Shaner.. "Say, that must be some risky job for them sailors on them Mine Sweepers, huh?"

Shrimp Flynn.. "Naw; they got long handles on the brooms."

Skinny Shaner.. "I know; but supposin' some night they're goin' along in the ocean, and it's all dark and everythin', and they're all asleep, and all of a sudden the boat stubs his toe into a mine, what then?"

Shrimp Flynn.. "Sailors don't sleep, you boob."

Skinny Shaner.. "They do, too. They hang themselves up on hooks at night."

Shrimp Flynn.. "But they always keep one eye open."

Skinny Shaner.. "Which one?"

Shrimp Flynn.. "The right one."

Skinny Shaner.. "Doncha suppose I know that? Gee whizz! if they kept the wrong one open they'd fall completely asleep and everythin', wouldn't they?"

Shrimp Flynn.. "Gee, but you're a wise guy. They can't fool you, can they?"

Skinny Shaner.. "Then a sailor's only got one eye left to sleep with, huh?"

Shrimp Flynn.. "Sure, the left."

Skinny Shaner.. "That's right."

Shrimp Flynn.. "'Tis not, it's the left. Cut out that comedy."

Skinny Shaner.. "Aw, I can talk if I wanna."

Shrimp Flynn.. "But you can't say much, that's a cinch."

Skinny Shaner.. "I can say as much as you."

Shrimp Flynn.. "Shut up, will ya?"

Skinny Shaner.. "Sure."

Shrimp Flynn.. "Then do it."

Skinny Shaner (after a pause).. "Ail right."

(Sounds of scuffling and a loud thump.)

Shrimp Flynn.. "Gosh! but you've got a hard head. You made me skin my knuckles on it."

Skinny Shaner.. "Aw, my head is not hard. It's softer than your'n."

Shrimp Flynn.. "'Tis not. No back talk now, or I'll put you out like a light."

Skinny Shaner.. "Nix on the kiddin', I gotta get to work on my artrickle."

Shrimp Flynn.. "How you gonna begin it?"

Skinny Shaner.. "Once upon a time."

Shrimp Flynn.. "That ain't no way. That's the way to begin a fairy story."

Skinny Shaner.. "That's right. It's gotta be different, 'cause it's a cinch this ain't gonna be no fairy story. This is gonna be a real one. All about sailors, and soldiers, and powder, and Heinies, and everythin'. How would you begin it?"

Shrimp Flynn.. "Put some sailor talk in it. Say somethin' about fathoms."

Skinny Shaner.. "What's a fathom?"

Shrimp Flynn.. "Guess. I'll give you a hint. It's got six feet."

Skinny Shaner (after a pause).. "Well, I know it ain't a fish, 'cause a fish ain't got no feet, but— Cheese it, here comes the Boss' pen. He's gonna spread us out on the paper. I hope he puts a sailor hat on me. Gosh! it's tough bein' a comic ain't it?"

Shrimp Flynn.. "I hope he makes me salutin'."

*Yours Truly,
The "Boss"*

PER TOM MCNAMARA



Tom McNamara.

WATCH THIS PAGE FOR
KRAZY CAT AND IGNATZ
MOUSE.

SMILES

A barrister, not so discreet as he might have been in the expression of his ideas, was engaged on a case concerning some pigs.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "there were twenty-four pigs in the drove, just twenty-four; exactly twice as many as there are in that jury box."

A jury recently met to inquire into a case of suicide. After sitting through the evidence the twelve men retired, and, after deliberating, returned with the following verdict:

"The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane!"

A Chicago packer was deriding the lack of ingenuity in England as compared with the inventive aptitude of his own countrymen.

"Why," said he, "they tell me a man down in New Orleans has invented a sausage machine. It's a big sort of tool, driven by steam. All you have to do is to drive a pig up a plank, through a hole in the machine and five minutes later out come thousands of sausages!"

"What becomes of the hide?" queried the solitary Englishman of the audience.

"The hide, sir!" retorted the Chicago man. "Oh, that falls out of the other slot in the machine and out come Gladstone bags, purses, or, if you like, shoes or saddles—merely a matter of turning a screw."

"Oh, is that all?" said the Englishman. "We've used that machine in England for the last thirty years. What's more, we've improved on it. Sometimes we found the sausages were not up to the standard. Well, what happened? All we had to do was to put them back in the machine, reverse the engine—"

"Go on!" cried the American. "What happened?"

"Out walks the pig as fit as a fiddle."

A soldier writes home from the front, as follows:

"When a boche finds himself in a tight place he warbles out: 'Kamerad, I've got a wife and three children.'"

"Then one of our boys sings out: 'You're a darned liar! You've got a widow and three orphans.'"

When the shopman informed her that the price of eggs was 60 cents a dozen, she exclaimed: "Why, that's 5 cents for each egg."

"Yes, mum," said the man, "but you must remember that one egg is a whole day's work for a hen."

Draft Expert Ennis received a protest the other day from a mother whose boy is now in France: "Ain't it just like them Frinch gals to be runnin' after our boys. My son writes that life in the trenches would not be so bad if the 'cooties' didn't pester them so terribly."

Boss—Vot was the idea of arguing mit vun of my customers?

Waiter—Vell, he got very fresh.

Boss—Don't you know dot the motto of diss here place is never to insult a customer until he has paid his check?

Chef—Oh, I'm sick. Qvick, catch me a glass of vater.

Waiter—Where is the vater?

Chef—In the milk!

She—So you're studying French. How is that?

He—Oh, I got my German hunting license from the draft board yesterday!

"See here, sir, we can't get any of your waiters to take our orders."

"Beg pardon, sir, but in view of the present shortage of help our waiters no longer take orders. They receive requests."

"Say," said a captured German officer, "you Yankees are devil dogs. You fight all the time."

"Mister," replied his Yankee captor, "you don't suppose we came three thousand miles to get licked, do you?"

Customer—You say this hair-restorer is very good, do you?

Druggist—Yes, sir; I know a man who took the cork out of a bottle of this stuff with his teeth, and he had a mustache next day.

"You don't complain about the weather as much as you used to," "No," replied Groucher; "with friends and relatives lined up against all kinds of war machinery in France, I guess I can look a little thing like a thermometer in the face without flinching."

A man was rebuked in court for endeavoring to confirm a palpably absurd story told by his wife.

"You should be more careful," the judge said. "I tell you candidly I don't believe one word of your wife's story."

The man looked at the judge and sighed mournfully.

"That's all very well," he said. "You may do as you like, but I've got to!"

Boss—Shall we order some nice hamburger steaks?

Waiter—No, we can always clean up the kitchen!

Waiter (yelling order)—Two fried eggs. One should be from the country. The other not so particular!

An Irish drill sergeant was putting a lot of green recruits through the different movements. He gave them "Right Dress." Try as he would, he

couldn't get a straight line. Finally in exasperation he shouted:

"What's the mather wid yez? Can't ye line up? That line is as crooked as a corkscrew. All of yez fall out and take a look at it."

The millionaire, whose wife had recently died, walked through the general office to his private room. While so doing something caught his eye, and he called the manager.

"Wilson, I am very glad to see you sympathize with me in my recent loss by decorating the office with a little crape," he said, pointing in the direction of a black piece of cloth hanging on the wall.

The manager looked dumfounded.

"Crape, sir! Crape! That's not crape; it's the office boy's towel!"

"What's your objection to this motto, 'work or fight,'" asked Mr. Rafferty.

"It's too easy," answered Mr. Dolan. "Many and many's the time I've had to do both."

The sergeant was asking a few raw recruits general knowledge questions. "Private Pigtales, what is a hill?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh—er—" stammered Pigtales.

"Come on—quick!" rapped out the sergeant.

"Oh," said Pigtales. "I should say it was a field with its back up."

A soldier at the front got short of money, so he sent home the following letter: "Dear Mary: We lost a trench this morning, and we must replace it at any cost, so will you please send me \$5 at once?" Sad to say, he had a witty wife, who sent the following reply: "Dear Jim: Sorry, I have not \$5 toward replacing the lost trench, but I enclose two candles to help you to look for it."

Agitated Old Gent—Quick! My daughter is drowning. Save her and she shall be your wife.

Blase Person—Wait till a wave rolls her over; I want to see her face.

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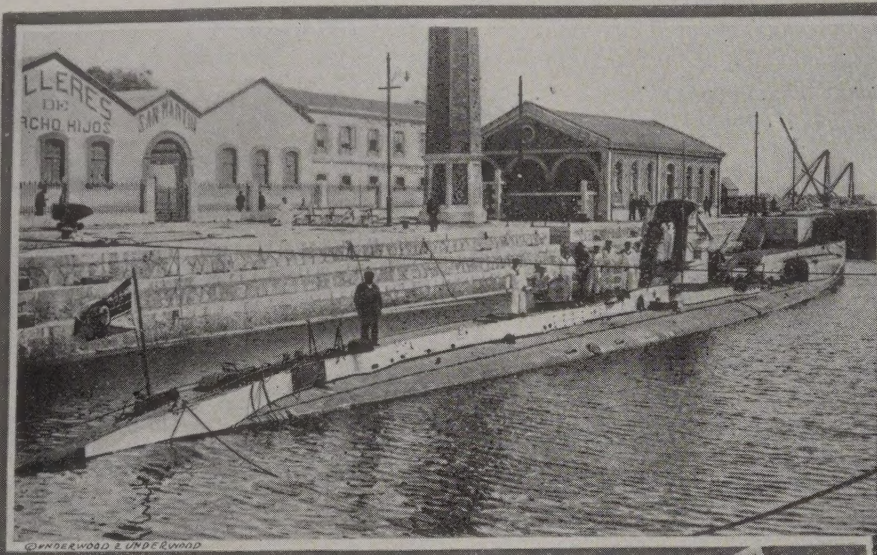
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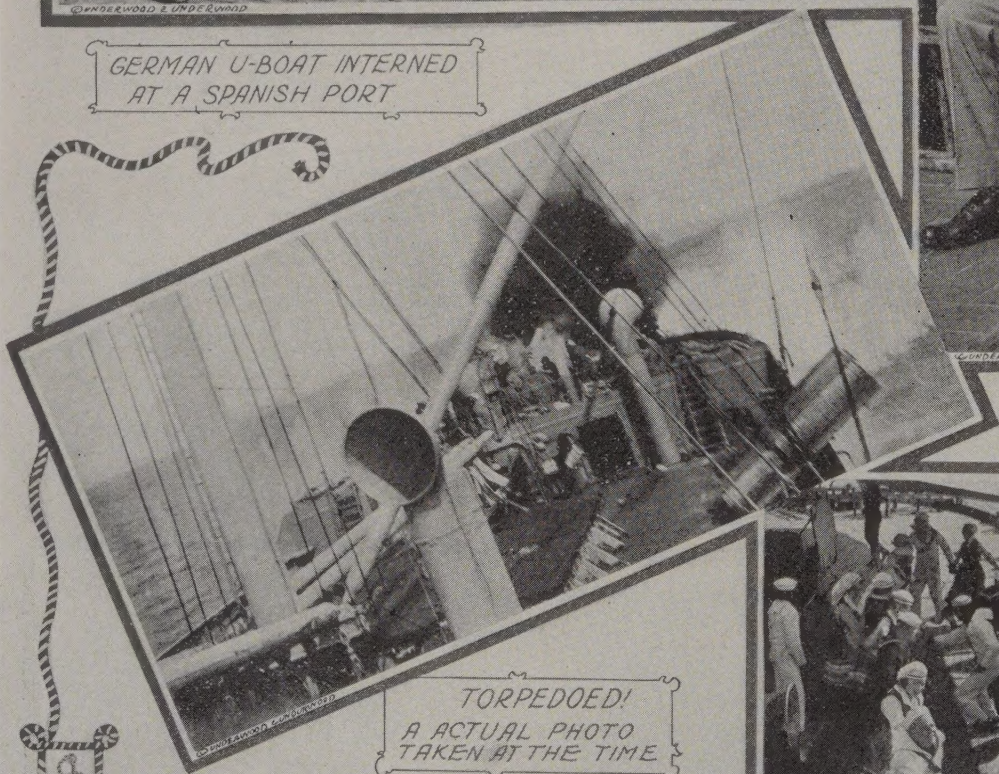
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AT A SPANISH PORT



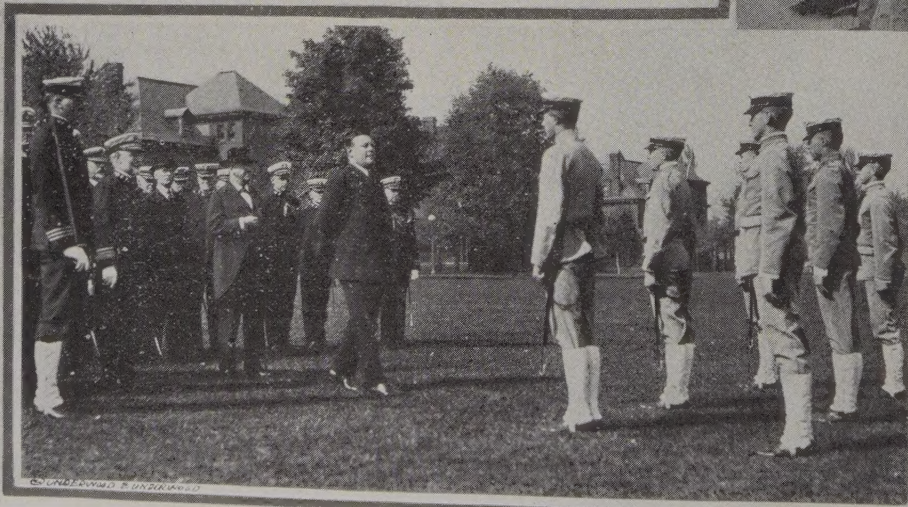
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NOT SO BAD—
BEING A HERO.



COURT THEATER GIRLS
ENTERTAIN GOBS
ABOARD A U.S. MAN-O-WAR.



ENGLAND'S SEA LORD, SIR ERIC GEDDES,
REVIEWS ANNAPOLIS CADETS

THE MINE BURST

A Journal for the Mine Sweeper

Published Semi-Monthly

By

The Mine Sweeping Division, U. S. N.,
Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y.

E. Goldman.....Editor
J. R. W. Smith.....Associate Editor
C. A. Bittighofer.....Dramatic Editor
W. H. Hepinstall, Jr.Sporting Editor

Advertising Rates on Application.

5c. the Copy. \$1 a Year.

POST OFFICE NOTES.

Advise those at home to send Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's packages early.

Much time will be saved if said packages are sent special delivery. All eatables should be sent this way to insure there eating condition upon receipt.

The weight limit for the first two zones is seventy pounds. For the rest fifty pounds.

H. L. BROWN,
Mail Clerk.

BEAMS FROM BENSONHURST.

October 19, 1918.

From:—Captain H. G. Hamlet, U. S. C. G.

To:—Officers and men of Section Base Six, Marine Basin, Squadron No. 13.

At 3:30 P. M., this date, Lieutenant G. R. La Sauvage, U. S. N. R. F., assumed command of Section Base Six, Marine Basin and Squadron No. 13. It is desired to take this occasion to thank all officers and men for their loyal support and attention to duty, which alone made possible any measure of success which may have been attained in the activities which have been until now under my command.

Captain, U. S. C. G.

The news was received with sincere regret by everyone for the captain was the best loved officer here. Captain Hamlet always accomplished things, and shunned publicity. At the beginning of America's entry into the war the great task of training large numbers of men for naval service, with whatever facilities were at hand, was successfully accomplished. Then other responsibilities calling for great ability were added. After that the Marine Basin was established for the repair of S. S. and S. P. boats. Captain Hamlet is going over there to an assignment of much greater responsibility and more activity. Our good wishes and the best luck are with the captain.

The station is overjoyed with our new captain, Lieutenant G. R. La Sauvage of Section Base 6, Marine Basin, Squadron 13. Our new captain understands the station, its working and its details, like a mother knows its child. Lieutenant La Sauvage was executive officer at this station over a year and a half ago, when it was first opened.

Friday, October 11, was the liveliest day in the history of the base. Athletics, boxing tournaments, Liberty Loan subscriptions and a good turkey dinner furnished a continuous day of pleasure, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Quartermaster Edward Burquist of the Second Division was the leading performer yesterday in the track and field meet of Bensonhurst Naval Base 6, held on the baseball field. Burquist, a former Bronx Church House athlete, won the fifty-yard sprint and the running broad jump.

Thomas Hanrahan of the Eighth Division, a master at arms, who formerly competed for the Irish-American A. C. in this city, was another suc-

cessful competitor. He won the twelve pound shot put with a heave of 41 feet 10½ inches.

The summaries:—

Putting 12-pound shot.—Won by Master at Arms Thomas Hanrahan, 8th Division, with 41 feet 10½ inches; Boatswain's Mate Thomas Curtin, Diving Crew, 38 feet 4 inches, second; Boatswain's Mate C. R. Starkie, Diving Crew, 37 feet 3 inches, third.

Greased pole climbing contest.—Dead heat between Boatswain's Mate Charles Sherer, 8th Division, and Apprentice Seaman Errol Casler, 2d Division.

Fifty-yard dash.—Won by Quartermaster Edward Burquist, 2nd Division; Mess Attendant P. Rebecca, 4th Division, second; Apprentice Seaman M. Waechter, 7th Division, third. Time not taken.

Running broad jump.—Won by Quartermaster Edward Burquist, 2nd Division, with 18 feet; Apprentice Seaman F. W. Francke, 7th Division, 17 feet 10 inches, second; Seaman J. Solderberg, 5th Division, 17 feet, 6 inches, third.

Tug of war.—Won by 2d Division, 1st Division, second.

200-yard obstacle race.—Won by 2nd Division; 3d Division, second.

Three-leg race.—Won by Burquist and partner; second, Rintz and Lehman; third, Neumann and Halloway.

Three mile marathon.—Won by Brick, 3rd Division; second, L. Nathan, 3rd Division; third, Gussow, 3rd Division.

Running high jump.—Won by F. W. Francke; second, H. Sindberg; third, E. Burquist.

The excitement, interest, and spirit of the men of this station in the Fourth Liberty Loan was remarkable.

(Continued on page 15.)

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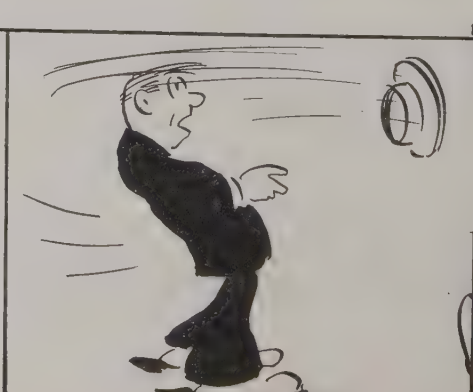
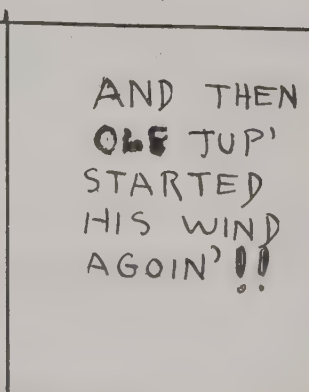
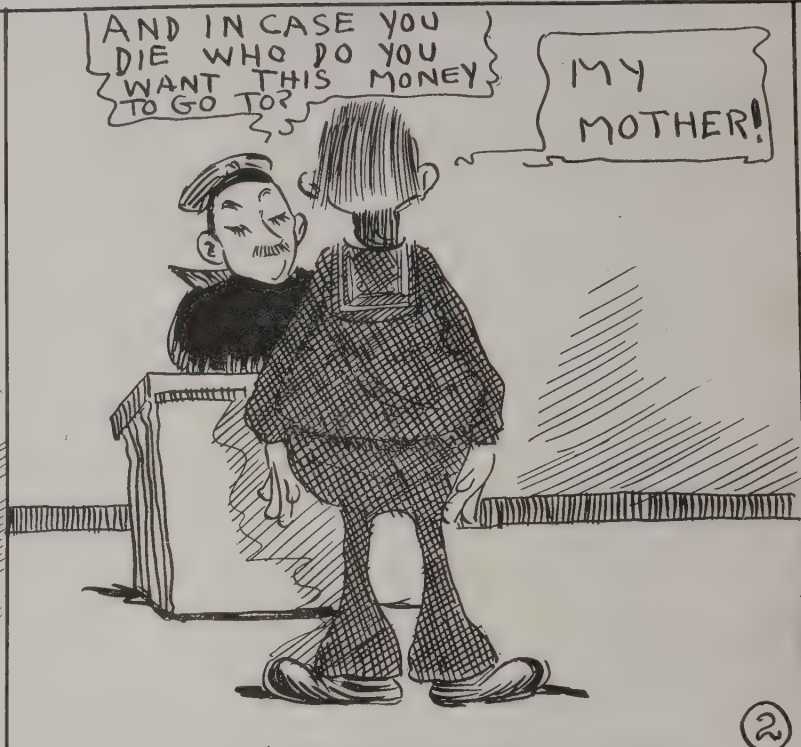
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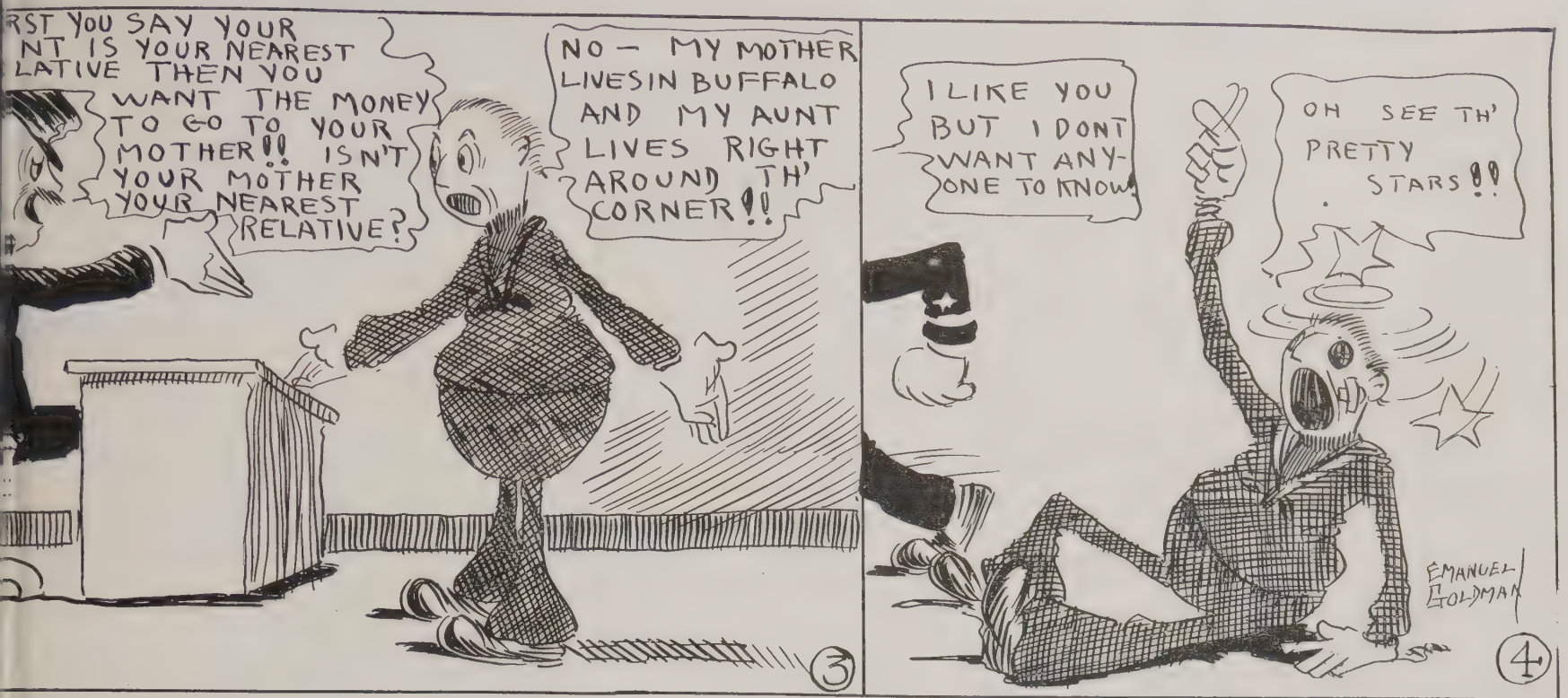
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By Goldman



G HIS PANCAKE HAT FOR THE FIRST TIME!!



AT THE THEATRES AND MOVIES

By C. A. BITTIGHOFER.

"QUEEN OF THE SEA."

Fox Special. Seven Reels.
Cast.

Merilla.....Annette Kellermann
Prince Hero.....Hugh Thompson
Leandra.....Mildred Keats
Ariela.....Beth Irvins
Prime Minister.....Philip Van Loan
King Boreas.....Walter Law
Clovis.....Fred Parker
The King.....Louis Dean
The Queen.....Carrie Lee
The Duenna.....Minnie Methol
Story, mythical drama. Written by George Bronson Howard. Directed by John G. Adolfi. Features Annette Kellermann.

This picture is a rival to "A Daughter of the Gods" for grandness of conception and beauty of execution. The colored scenic effects are remarkable, and the many under-water scenes add to the artistic beauty of the picture.

Merilla, Queen of the Sea, receives a prophecy that if she can save four human lives she will be endowed with mortal form but immortal soul. Boreas, Master of Storms, has wrecked a ship and his daughters, three sirens, are dragging the helpless sailors to their death beneath the water. Merilla swims to the rescue and succeeds in saving three lives. Boreas, in a rage, captures Merilla and confines her in his cave.

Prince Hero, going to meet his betrothed, Princess Leandra, loses his reckoning and lands near this cave, guided by the good fairy, Ariela. The prince rescues Merilla and falls in love with her, but, prompted by Ariela, goes on to fulfill his engagement with the princess. Boreas, in revenge, wrecks his ship and the prince is barely saved by Merilla, who is thereupon endowed with an immortal soul.

Boreas then captures Leandra and confines her in his Tower of Knives and Swords. Merilla, in attempting to rescue Leandra, is captured by Boreas, who, enamored with her charms, wants to make her his queen. Merilla scorns his suit and is locked in the tower with the princess, cut off from all escape below.

The fairy Ariela, however, brings a spider to spin a gossamer web to the opposite cliff, and Merilla attempts to escape by walking this slender strand. When she is half-way over Boreas breaks the strand and she is thrown into the breakers. She escapes and brings the prince to besiege Boreas' castle and rescue the princess. The latter, noting the devotion of the prince to Merilla, out of gratitude releases him so he may wed the former Queen of the Sea. The princess herself then finds happiness in the love of her faithful chamberlain. The evil demon, Boreas, is buried in his own Cave of the Winds, which is thrown down by a lightning bolt.

The story is at times fantastic, but, on the whole, pleasing. Annette Kellermann scores another hit.

SHUBERTS SOLD FIVE MILLIONS OF BONDS.

Liberty Loan Shows Splendid Total Despite Closing of Out-of-Town Theatres.

Lee and J. J. Shubert takes great pride in announcing that in spite of the slump in the theatrical business which has prevailed in New York during the last three weeks, during the influenza scare, over \$5,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds were sold in their New York houses and in a few out-of-town theatres, which remained open for part of the time.

The grand total is \$5,168,250, dis-

tributed as follows: Amount of bonds sold in the New York theatres to the public, \$3,850,200; amount sold to companies appearing in the New York theatres and to members of the house staffs, \$387,250; musicians in the house orchestras in New York, \$17,250, and in out-of-town theatres, \$913,550.

The totals for bonds sold to the public in the New York theatres were as follows: Bijou, \$571,250; Maxine Elliott, \$534,800; Lyric, \$523,350; Winter Garden, \$408,850; Casino, \$366,400; Comedy, \$270,150; Century, \$207,700; Shubert-Riviera, \$201,500; Shubert, \$151,500; Astor, \$168,200; Central, \$138,150; Playhouse, \$104,300; Forty-fourth Street, \$58,300; Forty-eighth Street, \$55,000; Broadhurst, \$59,000; Booth, \$29,250; Morosco, \$2,500. It will be noted that the greatest amount of bonds was sold in the smallest theatre, namely, the Bijou. The Booth and the Century theatres were closed during the past week and the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre has been closed entirely during the drive. The Shubert Theatre was closed for the first week of the drive, and so was the Bijou. The Forty-eighth Street Theatre was closed last week.

Al Jolson spent the first two weeks of the drive at the Century Theatre, and the last week at the Casino Theatre, and the total efforts at the two houses footed up \$598,450 worth of bonds sold. In addition Mr. Jolson himself bought \$125,000 worth of bonds through different channels, not showing in the "Sinbad" total. The other members of the "Sinbad" company bought \$65,000 worth. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew at the Astor, bought \$25,000 worth of bonds.

As all the theatres outside New York have been closed for the last two weeks, the returns from those houses are very small. Still they total \$918,550.

"Hearts of the World."

So great has been the success of D. W. Griffith's American propaganda play "Hearts of the World," which is now being played to capacity business at the Knickerbocker Theatre, Broadway and Thirty-eighth street, after completing a fourteen months' consecutive engagement at the Liberty Theatre, on Forty-second street. So great has been the demand for seats that the producer has yielded to the popular request and has secured a lease on the Standard Theatre, Broadway and Ninetieth street, so this attraction will be playing at two of the largest theatres in New York City at the same time. This is the first time that any one attraction has been shown simultaneously in two theatres. "Hearts of the World," produced on the battlefields of France under the auspices of the British and French War Offices, shows all four fronts of the present World War. In addition to these war features, that make up the latter part of the production, Mr. Griffith has provided an unusually charming and wholesome love story, the unfolding of which is enhanced and intensified by the accompaniment of a special symphony orchestra. The stage effects, too, are said to be the most remarkable ever presented in connection with a Griffith super-play.

Among the Griffith players who have helped to make "Hearts of the World" such a pronounced success are Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Robert Harron, Robert Anderson, George Siegmann, Joseph Crowell and George Fawcett, who all have been under the leader-

ship of this master director of the screen, David Griffith, for many years and who appeared in Griffith's former productions, "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "The Great Love" and other super-productions.

"Hearts of the World" is such a wonderful and artistic production and contains so much heart interest and all that is beautiful that no one can afford to miss it. The production is shown twice daily, including Sunday.

Liberty Theatre Stock Company.

"The Yellow Ticket" was presented in a very capable manner week of October 14 by the clever and versatile Liberty Theatre Stock Company, at Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., to a very large and appreciative audience, and each member of the cast scored an individual hit. This drama played for seventy-two consecutive weeks at the Eltinge Theatre, Forty-second street, New York city, with a cast of such celebrated stars as Florence Reed, John Mason, Jack Barrymore and other prominent players. Much commendation is due the management and Stage Director Louis Albion on the selection of plays for the patrons of this theatre. It is seldom that one has the occasion to witness former Broadway successes at such bargain prices and by such a capable and talented company as is now playing at this famous stock theatre. "The Yellow Ticket" is a powerful drama, in three acts and three scenes. The action of the plot takes place in Petrograd, Russia, while the story deals clearly on the manner and workings of the police on the "vice situation" in Russia. Charming Irene Summerly, the clever and talented leading woman of the company, appeared to excellent advantage as Marya Varenka, and gave an ideal interpretation of a long and difficult role. Robert Hyman, the new leading man of the company, comes to this city with an excellent reputation as a leading man, having played leads for two seasons with the Oliver Morosco Stock Company on the Pacific coast, which company has turned out a score of present stars in the theatrical world. Mr. Hyman is an artist of extraordinary ability, and as the American journalist gave a spirited performance, and no doubt will prove to be the most popular leading man that has ever appeared at this stock theatre. Clyde Franklin did good work in the difficult role of Baron Steven Andrey, head of the secret police department. The other members of the cast were well received in their respective parts. Week of October 28, "The Heart of Wetona," with many prominent Broadway hits to follow.

(Continued on page 17.)

THE HOTEL BELMORE

N. E. Cor. 25th St. and Lexington Ave., New York City

Two short blocks from 23d & 28th St. Subway Stations

Also reached by all surface lines

Transient Rates

\$2.50 per day and upwards

Permanent Rates

\$5 per week and upwards

TELEPHONES

Cafe—6628 Madison Square

Office—501-2-3 Madison Square

Special Rates to All Men in the Service

(Continued from page 11.)

Rivalry between divisions to subscribe the greatest amount kept the excitement at a high temperature. The total amount was over \$62,000.

In the Sunday afternoon entertainments for visitors the following participants gave us a very enjoyable time; Goldman in songs; Bowers, eccentric dances; Gussow in monologue; Harry Ross, songs and recitations. The above are stationed at this base. Robert Wolford and company rendered violin and piano selections and were well received. They have very kindly volunteered to come again.

our dear departed brother and your comrade.

In our hour of sorrow it brought to us a great measure of comfort. And the remembrance will be ever cherished.

Be so kind as to impart our thought to the officers and men of your squad.

Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) FRANK T. PITTS.

RESULTS OF LIBERTY LOAN CONTEST, ENDED SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1918.

No.	Division.	Amount sub- scribed.	No. of men in division.	Average per man.
1.	Tenth	\$2,250	20	\$112.50
2.	Eleventh	14,450	150	94.33
3.	Fourth	14,850	200	74.25

2. Lillian Lane, classical songs.
3. Jack McGowan, monologue.
4. Conrad and Mayo, comedy sketch.
5. Pat Rooney and Joe Santley. Nuf said.
6. Jones and Greenbe, funny skit.
7. Jack Inglas, of Duffy and Inglas, monologue.
8. Florence Timponi, songs.

Mrs. Manager was about to start on a picnic with her family.

"Let me see, here's the lunch basket, here's the field glasses, and here's the bundle of umbrellas. I think we've got



We were all delighted with the receipt of the following letter, which we highly treasure:

The Secretary of the Navy,
Washington

October 14, 1918.

Captain H. G. Hamlet, U. S. N.,
Naval Training Station
Section Bases Six and Nine,
Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, N. Y.

My dear Sir:—I wish you to convey to the officers and men of the rescue party who went from Section Base Six to South Amboy so promptly after the explosion at the ammunition works the Department's high appreciation of their courage, heroism and promptness in rendering valuable service until the Army arrived. I wish all members of the rescue party to know that their valor is highly esteemed. Such services measure up to the noblest traditions of the Navy.

Sincerely yours

(Signed) JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

A keen rivalry exists between the two divisions for the championship of the Inter-Division football title. The men are practicing daily and we are looking forward to some close, exciting contests.

Office of Frank T. Pitts,
314 Wall Street
Kingston, N. Y.

October 23, 1918.

Chaplain Mark U. S. N. R. F.,
Naval Training Station, Base 6,
Bensonhurst, L. I., N. Y.

Dear Chaplain:—In response to the request of the family and friends of Richard Lounsbery and an earnest desire on my own part, I wish to express to you and to the men of the squad which accompanied you our appreciation of the honor and affection shown

4. Seventh	10,000	135	72.59
5. Eighth (2Sec.4)	4,950	78	72.43
6. Sixth	3,200	46	69.56
7. Fifth	9,600	161	59.62
8. Third	4,950	99	50.00
9. Second	2,900	136	35.66
10. U.S. S.C.No.60	650	22	13.63
11. Ninth	400	36	11.11
12. First	900	117	7.60
13. Eighth (1 Sec.)	150	36	4.16
Grand total subscribed to.....			\$61,950
Total number of men attached.....			1,175
Average per man.....			\$52.60

L. C. CASEY,
Officer-in-Charge.

BASE SIX PARADE AT JAMAICA.

Two companies of 175 men, in charge of Ensign Swarthout, paraded in Jamaica to help the Liberty Loan over the top. A squadron of aeroplanes circled above the parade, dropping literature. In the evening a block party was given in honor of the sailors that participated. Every one had a wonderful time. Music was furnished by the army band.

On Wednesday evening the United Booking Office staged the largest and greatest bill of all-star acts. The closing of theatres in nearby cities on account of the influenza epidemic permitted the artists to come here. As usual, the house was packed, and our famous jazz orchestra furnished the music for the evening. Mr. Jack Dempsey, the sailors' big brother, was in charge and Mr. John Lamp, also of the United Booking Office, who has made many friends here, was present as a spectator. The stars, whose fame is country-wide, need no comment, and appeared in the following order:

1. Mike Bud, Hawaiian singer and selections.

everything, and yet— Children, we haven't forgotten anything, have we?"

"Shall I get in now, my dear?" said her husband, pulling on his driving gloves.

"Why, yes, of course!" beamed Mrs. Manager. "Get in! I knew there was something else!"



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A Modern Shop devoted to a distinctive class of workmanship which upholds the high standards of quality we maintain.

CHARLES SALVATO

Manufacturer of
NAVAL UNIFORMS

We Do Repairing of all kinds

202 Sands St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Red Cross Religious and Social Column

FORT TOTTEN BOYS SEE BIGGEST SHOW EVER STAGED

Some of the events of Sunday, October 27, are as follows:

1. Band.
2. Brown Brothers, saxophone comedy number.
3. De Wolf Hopper, comedy talk.
4. Miss Mai, song; very good.
5. W. C. Fields, of Ziegfeld's Follies, comedy juggler.
6. Carry Brodwell, Metropolitan Opera Company; song.
7. Irene Franklin, song; very good. Bert Green, recently returned from western front.
8. Anna Pennington, dance.
9. Bluch, clown act.
10. Marillyn Miller, song and dance.
11. Frank Carter, Ziegfeld Follies, song and dance.
12. Nora Bayes, song.
13. Lew Cooper, song; very good.
14. The Great Houdini, handcuff king.
15. Lillian Russell, dressed in costume of marine, talk.
16. "Sailor" Riley, accompanied by Dora De Russell, song.
17. Barney Bernard, comedy talk and funny stories.
18. Irene Bordoni, song.
19. Joe Barnes, talk.
20. Ben Levey, swatching and talk.
21. Eddie Cantor, Ziegfeld Follies, song.
22. Leo Coorolle, talk.
23. Lillian Bradley, song.
24. Al. Huxon, comedy talk.
25. Will Rogers, talk.
26. George McFarland, song.
27. Jack Hazard, dancing act.
28. Drill and execution of the manual of arms by the Foreign Legion.

After the above highly interesting program several members of the French Foreign Legion who are temporarily at Fort Totten drilled on the stage.

COLORED SOLDIERS' SERVICE CLUB.

Major William H. Jackson of National Guard to Take Charge of Enlarged Hayward Unit.

Owing to the large number of colored soldiers unable to find hospitality and living accommodations in New York, the New York War Camp Community Service has decided to enlarge the Hayward Unit, at 2,388 Seventh avenue, and will add two four-story houses to the establishment during the coming week. The present home of the Hayward Unit will then become solely a canteen, where it will be possible to serve close to 1,000 men daily. The canteen will be operated under the auspices of the National League for Women's Service. In addition to the canteen, one entire floor will be used for reception rooms, where the colored soldiers may meet their friends.

The two new buildings, which are at the corner of 139th street and Seventh avenue, will be operated as one and will afford sleeping quarters for 150 men. In addition, there will be a billiard room, reading and writing rooms and a large laundry. There will also be a service room, where the men can have their uniforms taken care of.

Major William H. Jackson, of the New York National Guard, assisted by Lieutenant Wilfred Bazil, also of the National Guard, will have entire management of the new Hayward Unit. Major Jackson has seen many years' service in the army, and served through the Spanish-American war, taking part in both Porto Rico and Philippine cam-

paigns. He will devote his entire time to his work at the Hayward Unit, and it is expected that this will be the best equipped and most comfortable service club of its kind in the country. Special attention will be devoted to colored soldiers who have their homes outside New York city. They will find every accommodation available to make them comfortable while here, and will only have to inquire at a War Camp Community Service Information Booth to find their way to the unit.

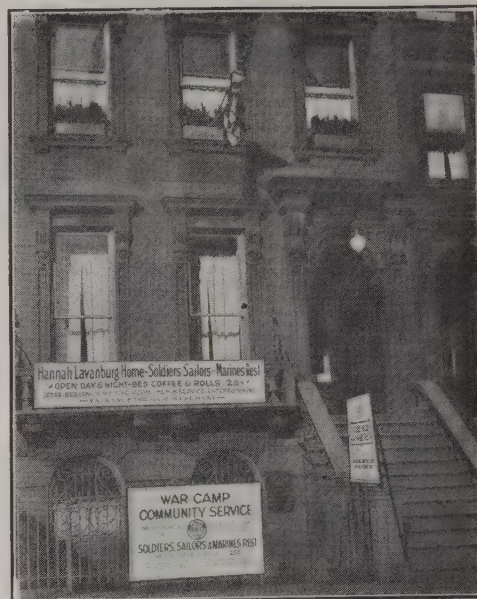
In addition to the club facilities, there will be regular Saturday night dances for the soldiers, and on Sunday they will be taken on sightseeing trips throughout the city. It is expected that the club will become a center for the colored soldiers, and especial care will be taken of their letters, and arrangements have been made for each one to be made to feel that the Hayward Unit is his home while in New York.

"Y" TO HAVE A NEW BUILDING.

For the past year the Y. M. C. A., Staten Island, has been doing its work in rather cramped and inadequate quarters, but they are glad to announce that plans are being completed and the construction of a new hut with larger accommodations to meet the needs of the service men will start very soon.

The building will be situated on the Pentz estate, Bay street, just across from the Mine Sweeping Base, a most central position, with a fine view of New York harbor.

A young couple went to a minister's house to get married. After the ceremony the bridegroom (a plumber and fitter, 1st class) drew the clergyman aside and said in a whisper: "I'm sorry I have no money to pay your fee, but if you'll take me down to the cellar, I'll show you how to fix your gas meter so that it won't register."



A COMFORTABLE HOME FOR SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND MARINES.

At the Hannah La Vanburg home at 319 East 17th street, soldiers, sailors and marines are offered a comfortable home for 25 cents, that is bread, rolls, butter and a bed. The establishment, with Mrs. Oscar S. Straus as president, is under the supervision of the War Camp Community Service.

The Baseball Instinct.

Injured American Soldier (regaining consciousness)—Where am I?

Nurse—You are at the first base hospital.

Injured American Soldier—Then I'll die here. I'm in no condition to steal second.

Big Bronze Propeller Wheels

The Columbian Bronze Corporation specializes on BIG bronze propeller wheels. Its equipment makes it possible to handle exceptional requirements.

Thousands of successful Work-Boats, Auxiliary Schooners and the like are in active service equipt with Columbian Propellers.

Columbian Propellers are first designed right, then built right. The material used in Columbian Propellers and Columbian Bronze Castings is admittedly the toughest and strongest composition yet developed for these specific requirements.

YOUR boat will be more dependable, more efficient if equipt with Columbian Propellers.

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Address all correspondence to the Executive Offices except for New York City Sales.

(Continued from page 14.)

"THE WHITE LIE."**Paralta Play. Five Reels.
Cast.**

Dorothy Kingsley.....Bessie Barriscale
Gordon Kingsley.....Edward Coxen
Frank Mason.....Charles Gunn
Mary Jane.....Mary Jane Irving
"Bull" McDevitt.....James Farley
"Red Mike".....David Kirby
Story—Dramatic. Written by William
Parker. Directed by Howard Hickman.
Features Bessie Barriscale.

The story is intensely dramatic, and interest is sustained throughout. A very clever plot is strengthened by the use of dramatic irony.

Gordon Kingsley leaves his beloved wife, Dorothy, and child, Mary Jane, to go on business to San Francisco. At an exclusive club he is given the room of an absent member, Frank Mason, an architect. In this room he finds a framed picture of his wife, child and a strange man. He returns home to test his wife. He tells her that Frank Mason is going to design their new country home and her conscience begins to work.

Mason is unaware of the identity of his new client until, meeting him, he is amazed when Kingsley invites him to dinner. He tries to refuse the invitation. Dorothy also tries to avoid it, but Kingsley overrides all excuses. At the dinner Kingsley introduces topics of conversation aiming to disconcert the two with their guilty secret. Dorothy, ill, leaves the table, writes a note and slips it into Mason's glove.

In the meantime, "Red Mike" and his pal are robbing a jewelry store. Mike has invited Mason, who is a reformed crook, to aid. A burglar alarm warns the police, the thieves are surprised, but Mike escapes. Believing Mason squealed he enters the latter's rooms and stabs Mason who, having received Dorothy's note, is waiting her arrival.

Dorothy takes a taxi to Mason's apartment, but a blowout on the way gives her husband a chance to pass and arrive first. Finding Mason dead and Dorothy's note, Kingsley believes his wife has taken this measure to keep her secret. The police enter and hold him on suspicion.

When Dorothy arrives, the house telephone operator informs the police and they hide in the adjoining room. Her first thought at the sight of Mason is that her husband killed him. When the detective enters she attempts to shield her husband by saying she shot Mason, but the detective discloses an empty gun. Dorothy then tells the whole story.

The tale then comes of her adoption of Mason's motherless baby while Kingsley was in Belgium on War Relief work and his assumption on his return, that the child is theirs. After the story, the detective discovers that Mason was killed with a knife and he dismisses Dorothy and Kingsley.

The next morning Dorothy, unable to stand the punishment of her conscience any longer, decides to tell Kingsley and learns that he already knows all, understands and forgives.

The cast is very well chosen and the parts are played with commendable realism.

"Sometime."

"Sometime," a three-act musical comedy, book by Mrs. Rida Johnson Young and music by Rudolf Friml, is now being produced with great success by Arthur Hammerstein at the Shubert Theatre, Forty-fourth street, New York City. In the past, Arthur Hammerstein has been the producer of most of the works of this genius of the musical world, and most of this artist's work is universally known on account of its beauty and charm. The

music throughout the performance is ideal and most charming and delightful to the ear. Each number seems to be more beautiful and fascinating than the preceding one, and, owing to the many encores demanded by the enthusiastic and appreciative audience, it was well near midnight before the final number was rendered. The production sets a new record for musical hits, for at least six of its numbers will shortly become the most popular music of the day. The numbers that created a most favorable impression upon the audience were: "Sometime," "Keep On Smiling," "The Tune You Can't Forget," "Baby Doll," "No One But You" and "Any Kind of a Man." Miss Francine Larrimore plays the leading part of Enid Vaughn in a very sweet and lovable manner, and by her charming personality and artistic interpretation of the role had little difficulty in winning the hearts and applause of the capacity audience. Ed. Wynn plays the part of Loney Bright, a property man, who formerly ran a theatrical boarding house, and furnishes most of the comedy. He is a comedian of an unusual order and his work had a note of freshness and spontaneity, and with the exception of one or two scenes which unfortunately contains a tint of vulgarity, which strongly tends to detract from the beauty and sweetness of the atmosphere. May West was immense as a chorus girl in search of temptation, but never finding it, and gave a very clever characterization of a tough vampire and drew a tumult of applause, "stopping the show" at one period. Mildred Le dance that was very well received. Gue performed a sinuous Argentine. The plot of the play is worked out in an artistic and unique manner, which met with instant approval. The story deals with the doings of a theatrical company which goes on a world tour, and is told, with frequent "cut backs," in the approved styles of the "movies." The scene shifts from the stage of a New York theatre to the dressing room of the star (Francine Larrimore), the dining room of a theatrical boarding house five years earlier, the garden of the Racing Club at Buenos Aires, the roof garden of the Gotham Theatre, and elsewhere. The dressing room scene is the most used, and it is here that the star of the company tells the story of the doings of the company's members. The plot tells of a pretty maiden who finds her innocent lover in a very compromising position, and banishes him without giving the youth an opportunity to make an explanation. Five years later (the last scene) the explanation comes in the form of a confession from the villainess, who planned the compromising situation, and there is, as usual, a happy reunion. The play is mounted with an eye for the picturesque and the costumes were in keeping with the production. Special mention is due to the large chorus of talented young men and women, who all appeared to be masters in the arts of singing and dancing and by the valuable assistance greatly aided the success of the performance. From an artistic standpoint "Sometime" is one of the most delightful and pleasing productions produced in many seasons and should prove to be one of the biggest financial successes of the theatrical season.

Information, Please.

Jane Cowl, who made "Within the Law" and "Lilac Time" famous, is now appearing in a new play, written by herself and Jane Murfin, entitled "Information, Please," at the new Selwyn Theatre on Forty-second street, New York city. Miss Cowl, in collaboration

with Miss Murfin, has been as successful as a playwright as she has been as an actress and, if the verdict of the first night's audience is to be taken as a criterion, this, the latest work of these two writers, is likely to be as successful as their previous efforts. In fashioning "Information, Please," the two Janes have shown their versatility by abandoning the field of melodrama and invading the lighter one of comedy and farce, and they seem to have handled their pens as skillfully in the new field as in the old. The story is built around the attempt of a wife to wean her husband from the affairs of state, which occupy his time to the extent of making him neglect her and her home. Lady Betty (Jane Cowl) is deeply in love with her husband, but he is so absorbed in his work as an Irish member of Parliament that he finds little time to visit his own home, although he does find time to visit a lady who is responsible for his political career. Lady Betty, in pique, pretends to be in love with a young Johnny, and compromises her good name by going with him to a notorious inn on the Thames. She later elopes with the man to New York, where they register as man and wife. Her husband follows them to America. For the first time, to the delight of Lady Betty, her husband is jealous. She has accomplished her object and is sure of his love. Later she gives a satisfactory explanation as to the hotel register and the night at the inn, and there is the usual happy ending. Miss Cowl does splendid work as Lady Betty. She gave a true-to-life portrayal of a wholly contradictory and irresponsible young woman, who, like a spoiled child, always wants her own way. The play is well constructed and tells an interesting story in an unique manner. Each and every member of the cast did credit to the production and gave excellent support.

KRAZY CAT

and

IGNATZ MOUSE**BY HERRIMAN**

of the New York Evening
Journal, give their ideas of
Mine Sweeping in the

MINE BURST**OUT****NOVEMBER 15, '18**

Sports

By HEP

CHAMPION MINE SWEEPERS

Basketball Team Will Open Season With the Strong Bensonhurst Quintet as Opponents.

Captain E. V. W. Keen to have the basketball season opened at the Staten Island Academy, Tompkinsville, S. I., on Friday evening, November 1, with the crack Bensonhurst, L. I. (Base 6) quintet. Arrangements had previously been made to open the season on Friday last, but on account of "King Fluey" the grand opening was postponed. Lieutenant Johan Menander will, as usual, be in direct charge of these social affairs, which include dancing, and will be assisted by athletic officers Lieutenant Kleeman and Ensign Smith.

The above announcement for which both officers and enlisted men, and Staten Islanders generally, have been patiently waiting, will be greeted with unbounded joy. These basketball games and dances were one bright spot last season in the lives of those stationed at this base and were also very popular with the fair sex. With the co-operation of officers and the loyal "rooting" of the Mine Sweepers' admirers, the team went out and won the championship of the Third Naval District, if not the Navy, also.

When the champion Mine Sweepers take the floor on the opening night, they should be tendered a rousing reception. At least three members of last season's team still remain to form a nucleus for another championship five. They are Driscoll, Hepinstall and Thomas, while the strongest kind of material for a winning combination should be attained from "Joe" Dreyfuss, former Eastern League star; "Rube" Marquard and "Burleigh" Grimes, formerly of the Brooklyn National League team and who devoted their time to basketball during the winter months. Big "Herm" Schmarzke, star center of last year's Bensonhurst team, and the Mine Sweepers' star pitcher for the baseball season just ended, Harry Riconda of the brilliant Corona Majestics, Charlie Gross of the Nyack team, and last, but far from least, "Maurice" Shannon of the Philadelphia American League baseball team, who is also a star basketball player of the Dreyfuss-Hepinstall school. With this aggregation to depend on, Captain Keen can safely rest assured that the pennant will again wave over Base 8.

The champion Mine Sweepers will make their appearance, equipped in the best uniforms money can buy. They will be of maroon, with black trimmings, and across the jersey in big letters will appear the dreaded "M. S. D." Elmer Ripley, one of the best players in the country, will referee all home games and this assures all visitors of a fair deal as in the past. The Mine Sweepers have been working out daily and expect to be in fine shape for the season's "grind."

The Bensonhurst team has one of

the best teams in this district and will furnish plenty of opposition on the opening night. All basketball teams in this section, who want to meet this strong all-star cast, can do so by communicating with Lieutenant Kleeman, Mine Sweepers Division, Section Base 8, Tompkinsville, S. I.

LAVAN NAMED NEW MANAGER.

Former Washington Player Appointed as Leader of Great Lakes Baseball Outfit.

Assistant Surgeon John Lavan, known in major league baseball parlance as "Johnny" Lavan, of the Washington Nationals, has been appointed manager of the Great Lakes baseball team.

Retiring in favor of Dr. Lavan is Phil Chouinard, who has had charge of the club during the current season.

The change was made because of Lavan's rank and greater baseball experience. The new manager has been one of the greatest shortstops of the game for the past four years, playing both in St. Louis and in Washington.

U. S. S. ADAMS.

Now that the baseball season is gone we feel that it would be only just and right that we should publish our record. All credit is due to the management and the boys for the interest that they took in the sport. At times it was impossible to turn out our best team owing to changes in the ship's personnel and other duties which come before baseball. While our percentage of games won is not imposing, yet when we consider the handicaps we sometimes worked under our record is not one to be ashamed of.

Our record follows:

U. S. S. Adams..	4	Deerfoot A. C.....	2
U. S. S. Adams..	2	Greenpoint A. C.....	3
(10 innings)			
U. S. S. Adams..	10	Ft. Wadsworth H. C. 5	
U. S. S. Adams..	1	Mine Sweepers.....	5
U. S. S. Adams..	1	Fort Wadsworth.....	3
U. S. S. Adams..	6	Fort Wadsworth.....	3
U. S. S. Adams..	13	U. S. S. New Orleans. 11	
(11 innings)			
U. S. S. Adams..	7	U. S. S. New Orleans. 12	
U. S. S. Adams..	2	U. S. S. Cleveland....	4
U. S. S. Adams..	4	U. S. S. No. Pacific..	3
U. S. S. Adams..	7	3d N. D. Supply Dept. 1	
U. S. S. Adams..	4	3d N. D. Supply Dept. 5	
U. S. S. Adams..	10	3d N. D. Supply Dept. 4	
U. S. S. Adams..	2	Greenpoint A. C.....	6
U. S. S. Adams..	11	Fort Wadsworth.....	5
U. S. S. Adams..	2	Fort Wadsworth.....	1
(11 innings)			
U. S. S. Adams..	8	Greenpoint Ramblers. 3	
Manager, H. A. Robichaux.			
Captain, F. G. Tompkins.			

BENSONHURST FIELD DAY IS GREAT SUCCESS.

On Friday, October 11, Field Day was held by the Section Base Six, Naval Training Station, at Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, N. Y. The event proved to

"BRIEF BIFFS."

Our government is to be commended for its foresight in the promotion of athletics in the service. Other nations are fast following our example.

We have a world's championship government.

We lead, others follow.

The great Mine Sweepers have won two championships, both basketball and baseball.

We are only a small base, but great things come in small packages.

My, how the mighty fell and the (we) lowly rose!

We hereby extend our congratulations to our captain, E. V. W. Keen, upon the athletic successes at his base.

The captain was ever a friend of good, clean, healthy sport.

What true, red-blooded American is not?

Our captain is closely seconded by Lieutenant Menader, a good sport from head to foot.

Athletic Officers Lieutenant Kleeman and Ensign Smith certainly have kept the boys in good physical condition and are worthy of great credit for their achievements.

Ensign Smith certainly knows athletics from A to Z.

Have you forgotten his athletic meets?

He is an adept at "calisthenics."

All the officers at this base co-operate with him, and that is the secret of our success.

be grand and successful. Lots of music was furnished by Shannon's Bensonhurst Band.

At 8 o'clock p. m. the mat and ring contests were held. The evening opened with a bag-banging affair, with the honors going to James F. Daly, Sea 2. Smiling Goldie then amused the crowd with his famous bird-like whistling. A wrestling bout came next, between A. Goldstein, MA 3, and John Fury, MA 3, Fury winning two furious falls out of three. A nice little bout brought together Al Slinger, Sea 2, and Young Goldie. Goldie certainly made his heavier and taller rival travel fast to earn an even match. Then Kittie Gordon, from the Clark House, sang some of the latest popular songs, that pleased the boys. Then came a bout that stood the boys on their toes. It was between Young Rector, lightweight champion of the Navy, and Al Chianese, from the Pay Office. Al Chianese proved a good battler with his more experienced opponent. Sam Nabel and Sol Goldsmith, both from Clark House, boxed three lightning rounds, followed

(Continued on page 20.)

Keep Your Liberty Bonds

HOLD to that bond. You invested to help send the boys across. They are over now, at grips with the German monster. You expect them to hold on—hold on till the last vestige of autocracy is crushed out of him. Then you, too, must hold on—must keep your enlisted dollars invested on the fighting line.

It isn't the hooray of a campaign that wins a war. It's the will to hang on, to make sacrifice today, that tomorrow may bring victory.

And your investment. Those bonds are the safest investment you ever made. Don't be lured into exchanging them for the "securities" of some suave get-rich-quick operator. Big returns may be promised, but the bigger the promised returns the bigger the risk.

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This space contributed for the winning of the war by

THE MINE BURST

(Continued from page 5.)

"Do I think that Father Neptune could come on board? Well, all I knows is that he generally comes on board most ships that pass the equator, and if Capt'n Crowd said he was coming, you can bet your bottom dollar that he will come. Our old man ain't generally far wrong. Why, I remember in the old Adams, sloop-rigged as she was, where we lifted the screw if we wanted to make more than three knots, that—" But at this moment a shrill pipe was heard calling the hands to fall in and work, and the old man's story had to wait for a more favorable opportunity.

At about ten o'clock that night the officer of the watch was leaning against the bridge rail, thinking of the pretty girl whom only a few weeks ago he had seen waving to him from Commonwealth Pier, and wondering if the girls were as fair in the far-distant land he was bound for. The quartermaster was peering into the lighted binnacle, now and again looking up to relieve his eyes from the strain of constantly watching the lubber line. The two lookout men had drawn together and were discussing their last night ashore at Boston.

"All I knows is," said one, "that one goes through it over and over again; but as long as I sleep all right and eat my victuals comfortable, like on the second day after leaving her, then say I to myself, says I, 'Bill, this ain't the proper thing yet!' I suppose one fine day she'll come along all right, and we'll square yards and settle down in a little whitewashed cottage, but it ain't been yet."

"You just try my tip, Bill, and you'll find it will save you a lot of trouble."

"Lookout man," said the officer of the watch, "what the devil are you two men talking together there for?"

"I was only asking him whether he'd seen a light away over there on the starboard bow," said Bill, ever ready with an excuse.

"Well, keep your ears open," said the officer of the watch. "I thought I heard a hail."

And, sure enough, presently quite distinctly was heard:

"Ship ahoy!"

"Aye, aye!"

"What ship is that?"

"U. S. S. ———," replied the officer of the watch, startled out of his reverie by the sudden hail, coming apparently from nowhere.

"Signalman Hatece, jump down and tell the captain that we are being hailed, though nothing is in sight. Quick, now!"



Neptune.

"Aye, aye, sir!" And Hatece, with a blanched face, rushed down the ladder, glad to be away from such an uncanny place.

(Continued on page 21.)

(Continued from page 18.)

by Young White and Battling Liz, with three rounds. Then Billie Walker entertained the crowd with a few songs. I. Levine and Sol Singer, from the Navy Yard, fought three rounds with some speed.

Then came the star bout of the evening. All had waited anxiously. It was between Stockyards Tommy Murphy, champion of the Navy, and Al McCoy, the toughest man in the business, with Eddie Forbes, of Brooklyn, as official timekeeper. Details by rounds:

ROUND ONE.

Murphy opened up by landing a straight jab to the face; McCoy swung wild as Murphy ducked. McCoy swung wild again; Murphy lands right to the stomach. Clinch. McCoy lands right on Murphy's back; Murphy comes back with right to jaw. Clinch. McCoy bleeding as gong rings, after Murphy hits jaw.

ROUND TWO.

Murphy lands left to stomach. Clinch. Murphy lands left to face and comes back with a right to the jaw. Clinch. McCoy's lips bleeding again. They exchange blows and followed by a clinch. McCoy lands right to the stomach. Murphy returns with an uppercut.

ROUND THREE.

McCoy swings wild. McCoy lands left to the stomach. Murphy comes back with a hard left to the face, followed by another. McCoy then came back with a right to the face. Murphy sends in an uppercut. Clinch. After an exchange of blows, McCoy lands right and left to face.

ROUND FOUR.

McCoy lands right to stomach. Clinch. They both seemed to lag, then they exchange blows. McCoy lands two jabs to the jaw.

ROUND FIVE.

They rushed each other; exchanged blows to the body. McCoy lands right to body. Clinch. Murphy lands uppercut to chin. The gong broke them while clinching.

ROUND SIX.

McCoy lands left on face, followed by a right. McCoy lands right on face. They exchange blows. They clinch. McCoy lands right to the face.

ROUND SEVEN.

Murphy lands right to face. Clinch. Both seemed anxious to put over a haymaker. Murphy lands right to face again. Murphy lands left and right to face.

ROUND EIGHT.

Murphy lands left to stomach and McCoy comes right back with a stiff left to the face. Murphy lands right to face. They clinch. Then an exchange of blows to body followed. Clinch again, followed by another volley of blows. McCoy tries hard for stomach and puts one over.

ROUND NINE.

They rushed each other. An exchange of blows followed. Murphy lands a right to stomach. McCoy comes right back with right on ear. Exchange of blows. They clinch. Another exchange of blows to the body follows. McCoy lands right to face. They clinch.

ROUND TEN.

They both came out for business, each trying for a knockout. They exchanged blows, followed by clinch. Murphy sent in a left hook to the face. Murphy lands to face with a right. McCoy lands right to face. They exchange blows. A clinch follows. Murphy lands left to the stomach as the gong sounded.

DECISION.

The referee's decision was given to Stockyards Tommy Murphy, who won by a small margin. Chief Jack Judson, matchmaker, was in charge of arrangements.

A keen rivalry exists between the division for the championship of the Inter-division football title. The men are practicing daily and we are looking forward to some close, exciting contests.

HOW TO GET A CHICKEN.

A Southern lady went to see her colored cook, who was sick in bed. She gave the cook's small son, Rastus, one dollar to buy a chicken for his mother. As the lady, in leaving, closed the door of the cabin, the cook was heard to say: "Gimme dat dollah, chile, an' go git dat chicken in de natchul way."

THE NATURAL REMEDY.

He—Margaret, there has been something trembling on my lips for months and months.

She—Yes, so I see. Why don't you shave it off?

AN OBSTINATE BABY.

Newpop—Well, my dear, did the photographer succeed in making the baby look pleasant?

Mrs. Newpop—No; the baby succeeded in making the photographer look unpleasant.

NEEDS IT BADLY.

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ECONOMY.

"Paper is getting scarcer," exclaimed Dr. Dumkopf.

"Have you any suggestion?" inquired the Berlin official.

"Yes. In making agreements we should write our agreements with a slate pencil. We could clean off the slate as much as we like without wastefulness."

SACKING HIM.

There was a wordy altercation on the doorstep, and then the postman turned away, muttering:

"Well, if that ain't the limit!"

"What's the trouble?" queried a passer by sympathetically.

"Why," explained the man, "the woman in that house says if I don't come earlier she'll get her letters from another postman!"

TO SLOW FOR HIM.

An elderly pair were making their first visit to a New York playhouse.

"Well, Sarah," remarked the old gentleman at the conclusion of the first act, "don't you think we'd better be a-leavin'?"

"Why, no, Hiram! The show ain't half over yet."

"Well, it says on this here program that three days elapse between the first and second acts, and I'm durned if I want to set here that long."

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(Continued from page 20.)

"Please stop your ship, as I wish to come on board," came again in the gruff voice that had hailed the ship.

"Stop both engines," said the officer of the watch, not waiting to ask the captain, as he was afraid that some one might be adrift in a boat.

After the cessation of the throb of the engines, which is always noticeable throughout a ship, especially if she has been steaming for some days, men could be seen gathering together, anxiously peering forward through the gloom, wondering whatever was the matter. And to the startled ship's company again came the voice: "I am Father Neptune, and I wish to come on board your ship."

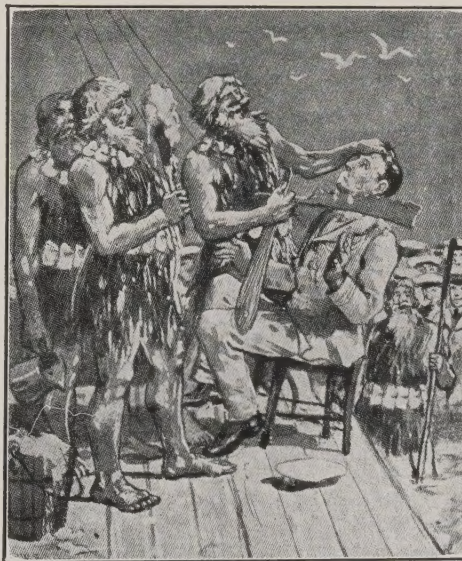
The figure of the captain coming forward somewhat reassured the startled ship's company, and they all moved a little nearer to the bridge ladder, wondering instead of uneasiness sweeping over them.

At this moment the eager watchers perceived the weird figure of an ancient man scrambling out of the hawse-pipe.

As he stood up and slowly made his way along the fo'c'sle, it could be seen that he was very old indeed. The lines of centuries seemed to mark what could be seen of his face through his wild, matted locks and snow-white beard.

From his shoulders hung a loose tunic, apparently composed of strange and wonderful seaweeds, held at the waist by a girdle of oyster shells.

On his head an iron crown, and in his right hand a rusty iron trident, while from his drenched appearance he had apparently just emerged from the depths of the sea.



"Razor Suit, Sir?"

Slowly he made his way to the bridge ladder, and, as he mounted it, Captain Crowd came eagerly forward to greet him, and, after having cordially welcomed him on board, escorted him to the chart-house.

It was quite ten minutes before they reappeared again.

"Then I will expect you to come on board and bring your satellites with you tomorrow forenoon, and the bath will be ready," the captain was saying as they went down the ladder, through the crowd of peering faces, and disappeared on to the fo'c'sle.

Presently the throb of the engines was felt again, and the ship's company went to their hammocks to think over the events of the evening, and only too glad of the anticipation of more on the morrow to enliven the monotony of the days spent at sea.

The upper deck of the battleship

(Continued on page 22.)

Say you saw it in "THE MINE BURST."

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...CONFECTIONERY...

Stapleton, S. I.

(Continued from page 21.)

presented a most unusual appearance the next morning. In the middle was a large canvas bath, about twelve feet square, filled with salt water. At one end a large platform had been erected about six feet above the water.

No sooner had prayers been read than the men were "piped down," pipes were lit again, and apparently the men were to have a holiday instead of being told off for work.

"What's come over the old man?" asked Charlie Johnson, who had appeared at one of the engine room hatches in order to trim a cowl to the wind, and also to get a breath of fresh air.

"Why, haven't you heard that Father Neptune is coming on board this 'ere 'ooper to have a look around, and perhaps wash some of you blighters? You is behind the times," replied Chips McInnerton, who could swear more than any sailor east of 'Frisco, to whom the question had been put.

"Well, I don't know about being behind the times, but I guess I shall be behind one of these galley stoves all the time you lazy blighters on the upper deck is enjoying yourselves."

Groups of men could be seen standing about discussing the events of the previous night, the older ones relating how they had first met Father Neptune, and chaffing the others as to what was probably going to happen.

Presently the strains of a squeegee band were heard, and a procession came out from under the go'sle. A the head was seen Father Neptune, dressed exactly as he had been the previous night, his regal appearance and great age showing even more plainly in the full daylight.

Close behind him were about a dozen men, evidently his court, from the similarity of their dress to that of their chief.

They were all of them tall, powerful-looking men, their muscles showing out from beneath their scanty, dripping clothing. Instead of tridents, all except three, were carrying staves, and these appeared to be in closer attendance on their chief than the others.

One was carrying a large wooden bucket containing a mixture of soap and water; another of them had a large brush tucked away under his arm, while the fattest of them was brandishing a large wooden razor, with which he evidently intended to keep back the crowd from getting too close to Father Neptune.

The weird procession marched right around the deck, and finally came to a halt around the bath. Father Neptune, stepping forward, then held up his hand, and, when there was complete silence, said:

"Captain Crowd, officers and men of the U. S. S. —: I have come on board your magnificent ship to wish you all a successful voyage, but more especially to baptize any young officer or seaman whom I have not already had the pleasure of meeting, and I hope that those of you whom I have already met will assist one another in bringing these candidates forward for my satellites to deal with."

Then the man with the razor and those who were carrying the brush and bucket mounted the platform, while the others got into the bath and formed themselves round it.

The first candidate was brought forward.

This was Ensign Daniel Koone, whom we have previously seen as officer of the watch. He was asked to mount the platform and to sit down in a chair with his back to the water. "Hair cut or shave, sir?" asked the man with the brush.

Continued in next issue.

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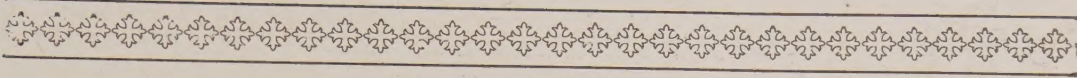
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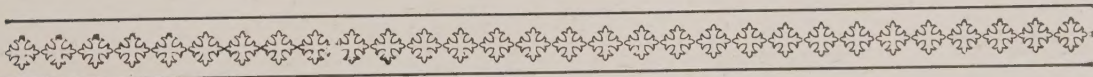
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